SPECIAL ISSUE: **THEY HELD UP TRAINS**

WESTERNER

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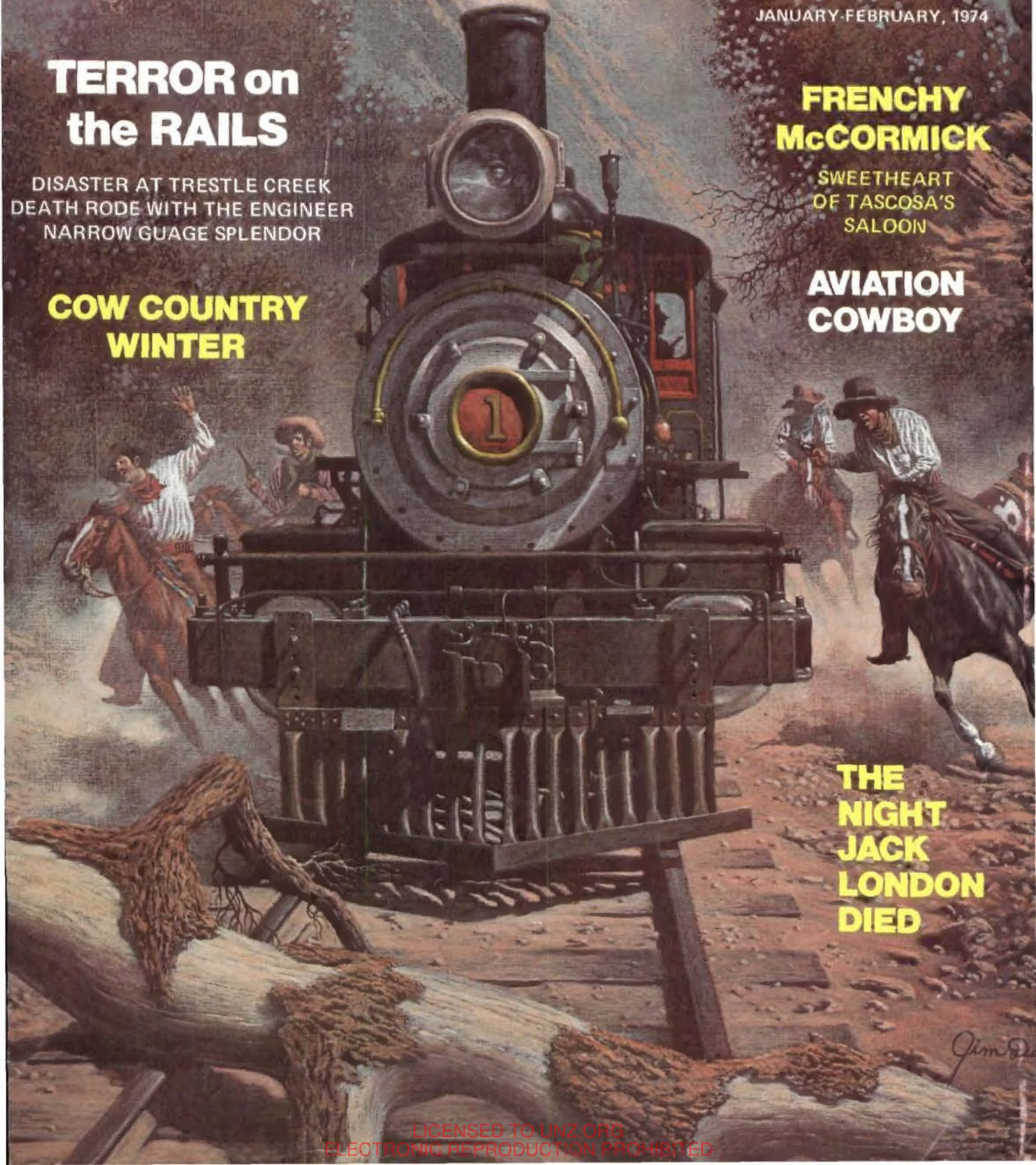
JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1974



TERROR on the RAILS

DISASTER AT TRESTLE CREEK
DEATH RODE WITH THE ENGINEER
NARROW GUAGE SPLENDOR

COW COUNTRY WINTER

FRENCHY McCORMICK

SWEETHEART OF TASCOSA'S SALOON

AVIATION COWBOY

THE NIGHT JACK LONDON DIED

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WESTERNER

CHRISTMAS IN CHAMA

by Bob Eckel

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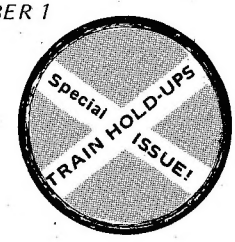
WESTERNER

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1 JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1974



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ALL TRUE STORIES

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COVER

"Terror on the tracks" — a painting commissioned by WESTERNER exclusively for this special issue. The artist, Jim Daly, captures the moment when the outlaws have forced the engineer to stop by laying a log on the tracks and are now terrorizing the passengers with gunfire. At the actual incident depicted here, three men died.

"Christmas in Chama" is the title of the winter scene on the opposite page. It is December 25th and a mixed train of freight heads for Chama pass amidst snow drifts. Blizzards are known to pounce swiftly upon the Rockies when clouds form in the North so the crew is glad Chama is not too far away. Bob Eckel is the artist and you can see more of his paintings on page 49.

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LETTERS TO WESTERNER

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Sir:

Would you please, after writing in appropriate shortened style, put the following request in your magazine WESTERNER?

I am interested in purchasing books, non-fiction, about the U.S. Cavalry, tactics, uniforms, mounts, weapons, training, etc. prior to World War I and the expedition to Mexico under General Pershing which in pursuit of Poncho Villa. I have heard of a book "Chasing Villa", author unknown to me, that I haven't been able to find and purchase. I would also like to purchase any non-fiction books about Poncho Villa prior, during and after this period.

Respectufully
James H. Black
1329 - 63rd St.
Kerosha, Wisc. 53140

Dear Sir:

I wish to say I enjoyed the article in Nov.-Dec. issue of WESTERNER by Carl W. Breihan, "Frank James' Terrible Revenge", very much.

Please include more by him, his writings are excellent and more importantly, reliable.

You have a fine magazine and I enjoy each issue.

Sincerely
Wenzel E. Holmes
Crooksville, OK.

Dear Corral Boss Bob,

I fully enjoy your magazine. I have over twenty magazines of the West (not counting the seven WESTERNERS I own) which all have true stories, but I have not found any which are as interesting as WESTERNER. I have subscribed to WESTERNER and am enjoying receiving them in the mail.

The order in which your stories are placed is perfect, the articals by Harry Webb are fabulous, and the cover and print are for only the eyes to behold.

That's not sweet talk its fact. I am 15 years young and have devoted my studies to Western America and WESTERNER is something to keep on file.

I would say, keep up the good work, but I know you will!

Jeff Thorsen
Crystal Lake, Ill.

Dear Gentlemen,

I'm a fourteen year old boy and live in the East. I enjoy WESTERNER magazine very much. I especially enjoy Harry Webb stories of the West, and I understand why you raised your price. Keep up the good work.

Thank you,
William S. Shirar
Lehightan, PA

Dear Sirs:

This is in regards to the two stories appearing in the Sept.-Oct. issue of WESTERNER, one was by Edgar Web (They Were The Real Cowboys) mentioned Monty Montana who was (is?) the World's Champion Rope and Trick Rider, well back in 1937 my uncle Mr. George Hiwalker, Sr. won the title from Monty Montana. But due to unforeseen difficulties he could not defend his title the next time around and had to forfeit his title. He also mentions the Black Cowboys as being excellent cowhands, he also forgot to mention that Indian Cowboys are just as good as anyone else and any cowhand from Montana is the world's best.

William M. Harris
Tacoma, Wash.

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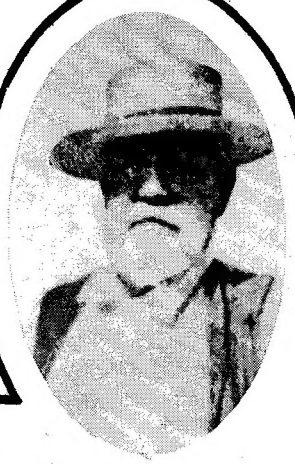
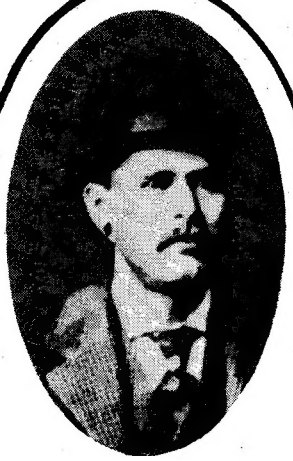


0919 **THE STORY OF ROY BEAN: Law West of the Pecos** By C. L. Sonnichsen. Biog. of the crafty entrepreneur whose first shingle read: "Justice of the peace, notary public, ice-cold beer." He collected his own press clippings as he created his legend. (Pub. ed. $5.95)

7005 **WAR CRIES ON HORSEBACK** By Stephen Longstreet. Vivid history of the Indian Wars of the Great Plains and the leading chiefs — including Sioux Chief Rain-in-the-Face (above), who is supposed to have personally killed Custer. Illus. (Pub. ed. $7.95)



1040 **THE WILD BUNCH AT ROBBERS ROOST** By Pearl Baker. True history and lore of Butch Cassidy's Utah stamping ground, and of famous "Wild Bunch" gang of bank and train robbers, including Harry Longabaugh (above), The Sundance Kid. Illus. (Pub. ed. $6.95)

7302 **THE GUNFIGHTER: Man or Myth?** By Joseph R. Rosa. The truth about Earp, Hickok, Masterson, and dozens of others, some still famous, some not — including Rowdy Joe Lowe (above), Wichita saloonkeeper who ruled his bar with a gun. Illus. (Pub. ed. $5.95)

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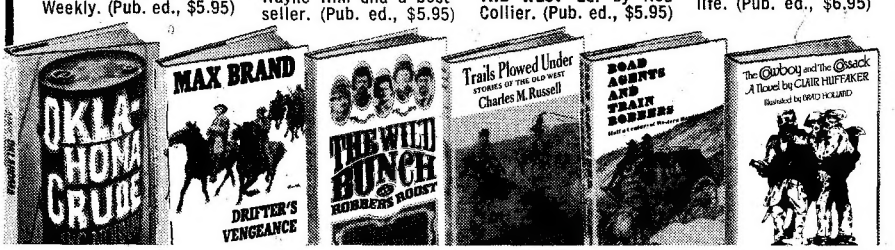

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Yesterday's WEST

by BOB BROWN

BAR SENSE . . . Most of the bar owners and saloon owners didn't get where they were without using their heads. Around a place like that you can be sure of only one thing and that's the fact that there is going to be trouble. Men just can't drink without getting into trouble so you might as well be prepared for it when it comes.

The smart saloon owners bought or built the heaviest and most durable bar that they could find. This not only pleased the customers and provided a steady place to lean but it kept the customer on the right side of a barrier that was built to take punishment. Most of these bars were designed to stop a .45 slug at any range and most of them would also absorb a rifle bullet without things getting interesting on the back side of the bar. Even the most beautiful bars were generally lined with heavy oak planking or some other material that could easily stop a bullet.

It was no accident that the barkeep would duck behind his bar when real trouble developed. You could bet that this was the only safe place in the house! Many of the bars were kept so the barkeep could hit the floor and roll under a heavy shelf for added protection. At some time or another it would be time to "Hit the Cellar" and not be hunting a hole where you could hide.

OPIUM MEDICINE SHOW . . . There were a lot of men in the early days that traveled the country selling "Patent medicine." Many of these men had a regular show that they put on in each town because it insured a large crowd when it came time to make their "Pitch" about the fantastic things their medicine would do for the ailing. Most frontier towns were pretty remote and had a hunger for some kind of different entertainment.

There was some pretty wild claims attached to the medicine and in most cases it was guaranteed to cure what ailed you, no matter what it happened to be at the time. Most people didn't really believe all this but most of them would go for a bottle of the medicine if the price wasn't too expensive. They knew that a few good swigs would make you feel better and many of them found that they depended on this medicine more and more to give them a lift when they felt bad. It wasn't just the high alcohol that did the trick either. Most of the patent medicines at this time contained a pretty good amount of habit forming opium! This wasn't illegal but it sure was habit forming. Most of these peddlers finally established a regular route and would cover the same territory on a regular basis because they knew that there would be many customers waiting for a few more bottles and it sure wasn't going to take some high pressure selling methods to see that the load of medicine went in a hurry.

In later years laws were established on putting opium in these medicines and this signaled the end of the old "Snake Oil" medicine show.

SALT MONEY . . . A man with a wagon and good team could always find some kind of work hauling freight or at least working around the mines hauling ore. If he wanted to get into the big money and didn't mind the hard work and long haul he could go into the great salt lake and dig out the slab salt.

This was especially hard work because you had to go several days travel into the salt country to find the good stuff that would bring the best money. It took a good team and several barrels of water for yourself and your animals. Even after you reached a place where you could get the good pure salt, it would take several more days to dig it out and cut it into uniform strips. It was long slow work in a land of pure white and temperatures that could reach 140 or more during the middle of the day.

Two men would usually go together and would make pretty good money if they could get out alive and weren't robbed as they left the salt fields. An average size ore wagon would haul a couple of thousand dollars worth of the salt and there was always a ready market at any town where you wanted to travel. The farther away you could haul the salt the better prices it would bring so most of the salt haulers just sold enough along the way to make living money.

Several people tried to set up a big operation out on the salt lake but these companies didn't last long. It was too hot and the work was too tough. A salt hauler really earned his money!

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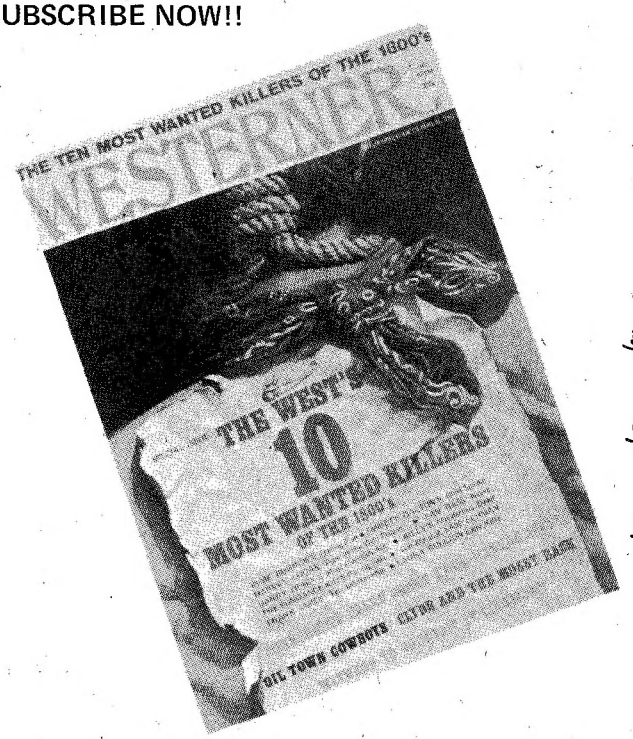

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20 Years Before The Wright Brothers — He Took Off From A Hill In San Diego And Landed In History

Aviation Cowboy

by Robert L. Wilson

If you mention the word "Westerner" to many people, immediately their minds picture a cowboy wearing a felt hat and high-heeled boots, sitting astride a horse. From there the variations may be almost endless. But to many Californians aviation was born in the West. And John Joseph Montgomery was the Westerner who aspired to ride the saddle of a different kind of steed, down a different trail. He succeeded, too, over twenty years before a couple of upstart Easterners flew a crate off a sand dune at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

The Eastern flight, with a cantankerous engine and biplane wings, covered 212 feet, while Montgomery's first flight, without motive power, in a single-winged model very similar to the birds, covered almost three times that distance from a mesa near San Diego, California.

August 28, 1883, was the day Montgomery invaded a new environment. John then 25, and his 19-year-old brother James, rose before dawn, and quietly prepared breakfast by lamplight. Padding quietly about and talking in whispers so they wouldn't disturb their sleeping family, the adventurers filled water jugs, and packed a couple of lunches. Then John went into another room and returned carrying his rifle.

"Wha-wh-at're you going to do?" stammered Jim.

"Well, you know there're a lot of deer down at Otay Mesa."

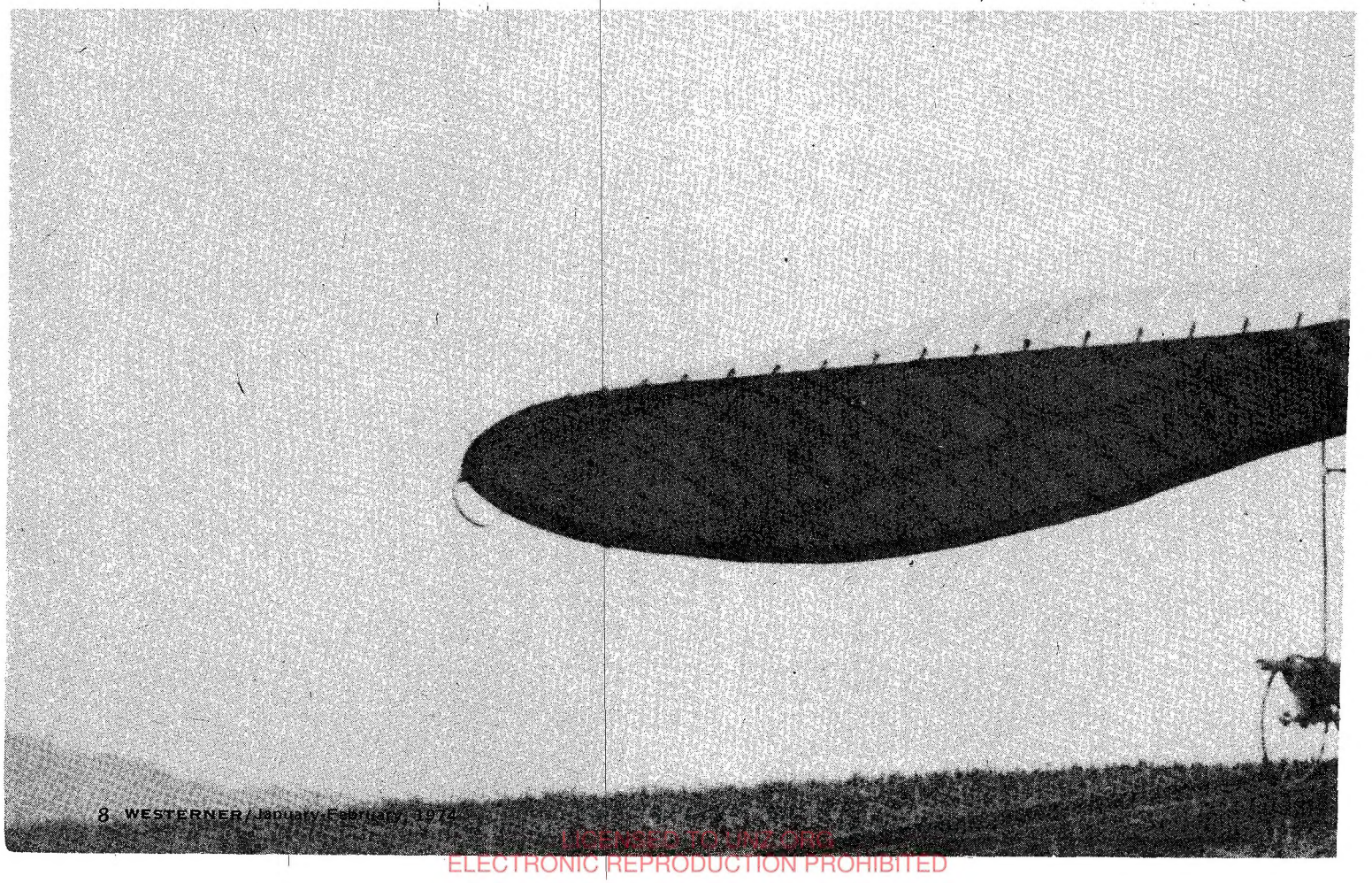
"Yes, but I--"

"And you know how nosy some of our neighbors are about this thing we're working on."

"Well, shucks, yes, John; but what in the world are you getting at?"

"Jim," said the older brother, patting the gunstock significantly, "this gun will give us reason for being there."

"How's that?" asked Jim, still in the dark.



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Photo's courtesy of author.

"If anyone comes prying around asking questions," John replied, "we can say we're doing some deer hunting. Then maybe they'll go on their way and leave us alone.

"See?"

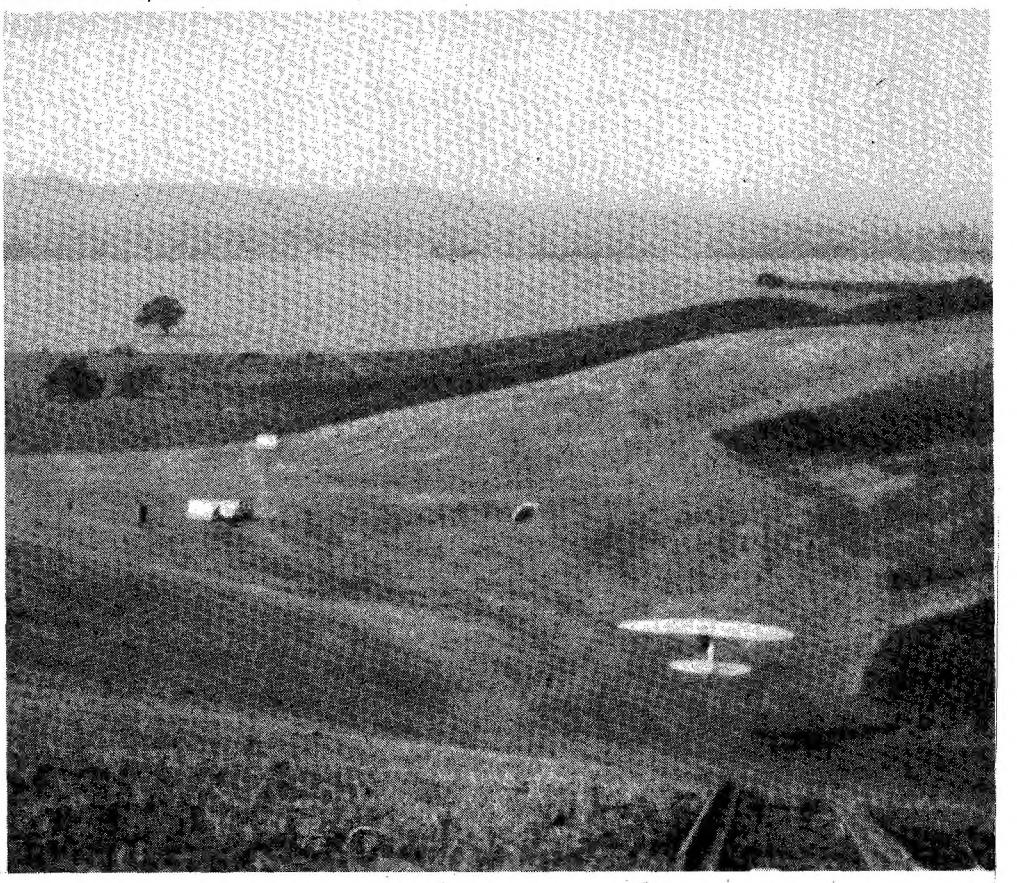
"I see," Jim smiled, and left at once to get his own rifle.

Soon, at the barn looming dark in the starlight, they deposited their armloads besides a hayrack. Then they set to work pitching hay onto the wide wagonbed. When the platform was covered, they lowered very carefully from the haymow a cloth-covered framework that resembled a large gray bird. With a twenty-foot wingspread it weighed about 38 pounds. They placed in on the wagon, and pitched on more hay, until the craft was covered.

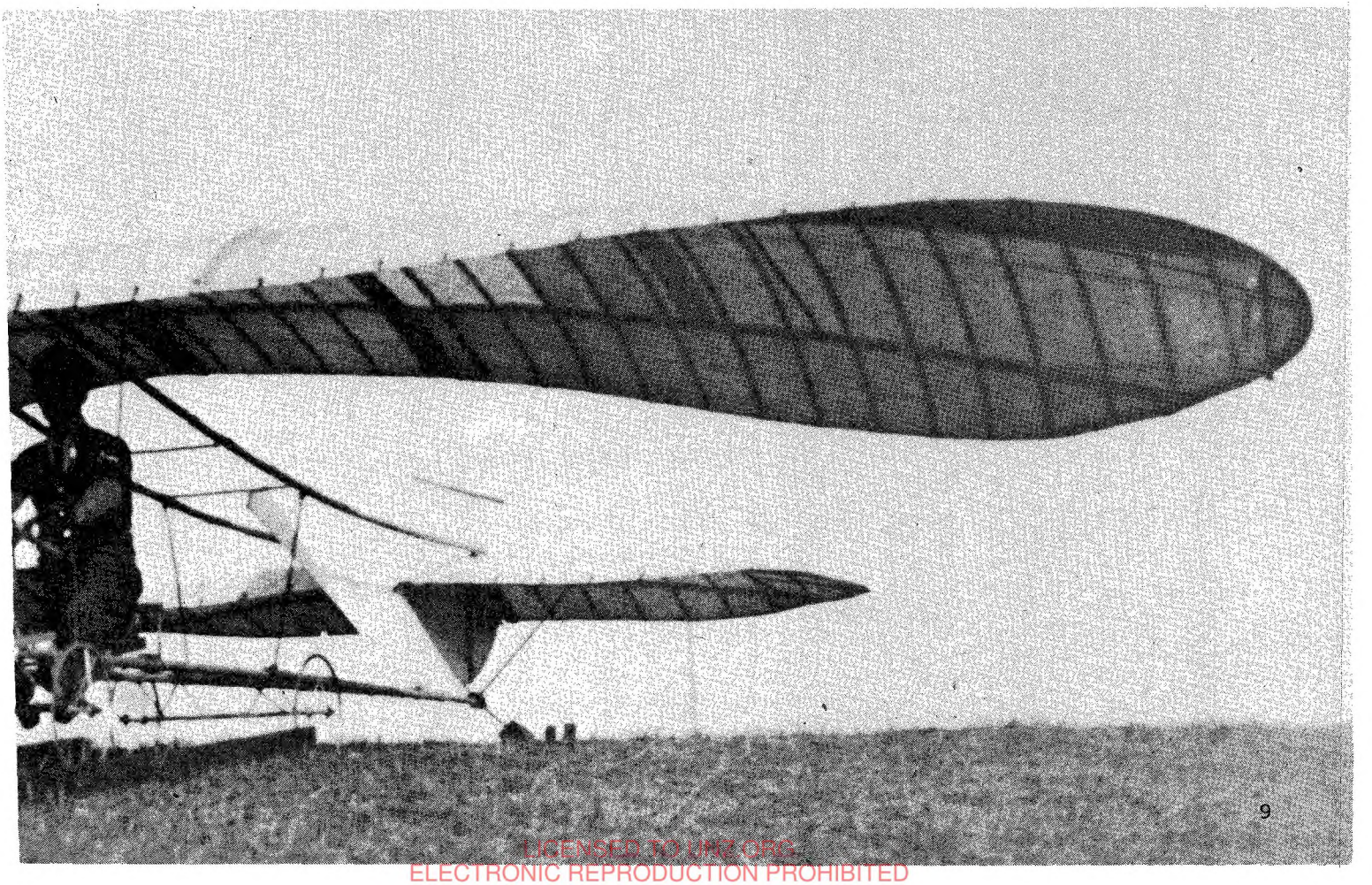
On top of everything they placed the water jugs, lunches, and rifles. They hoped no sarcastic doubters would be asking impertinent questions.

As John checked the cargo with critical eye, he saw he'd forgotten a rope; this he got, coiled up and tossed onto the hay. "That's all," he pronounced. "Now for the mules."

In a short time they'd harnessed the mules, which they led outside and hitched to the hayrack. After extinguishing the lantern, they mounted the haywagon. Jim shook out the lines along the mules' backs, clucked, and they pulled away from Zachary Montgomery's ranch, following two gray ribbons, the road that led southward.



Joseph Montgomery's first took off from a low hill near the Pacific in 1883. The distance he soared was 600 feet or three times the distance covered by the more famous Wright brothers.



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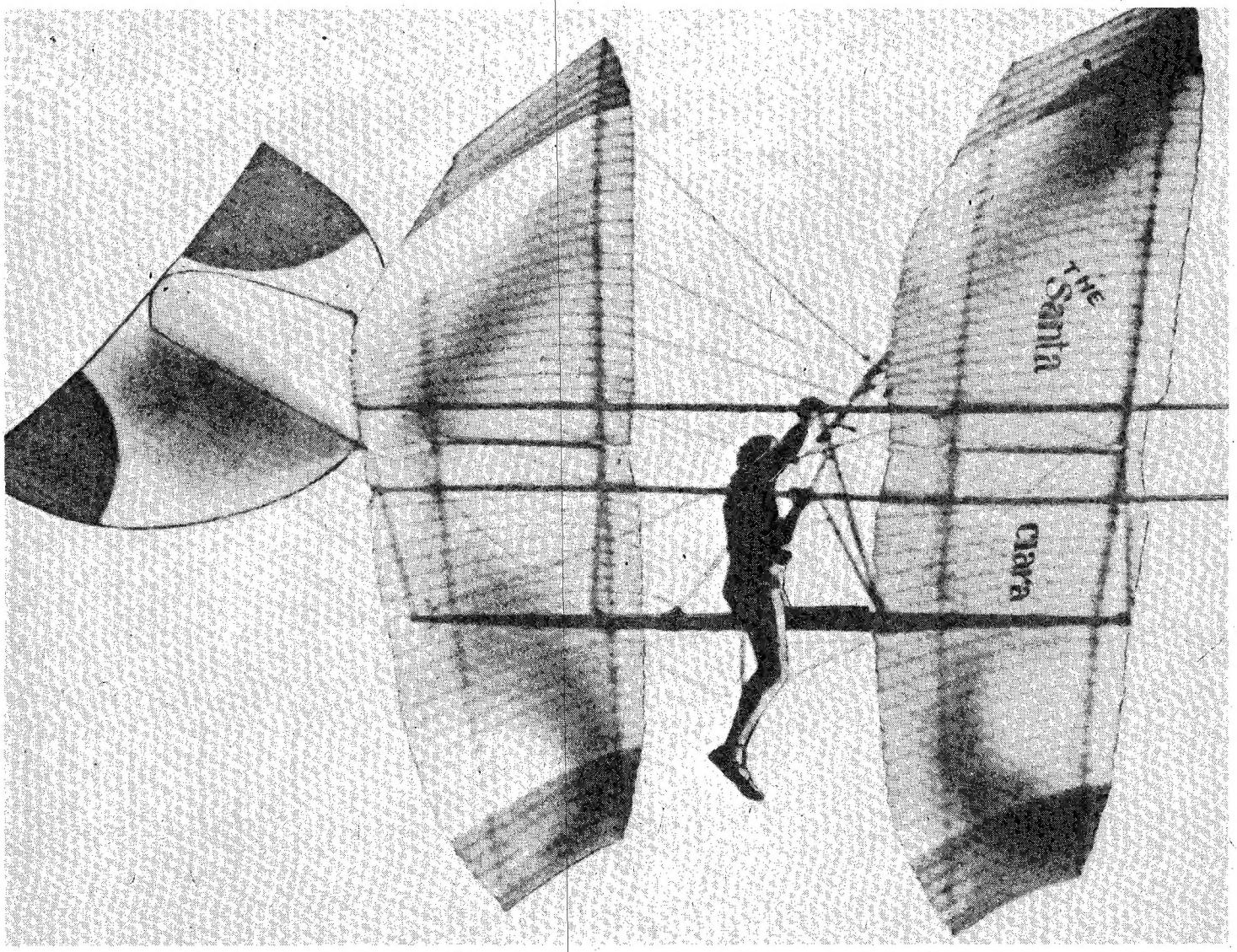

After his initial success, Montgomery tried a variety of different designs, some under power and some just pulled from the ground.

Dawn was beginning to break when the mules pulled the wagon with its strange cargo to the top of Wheeler Hill, about three miles from the Montgomery ranch. "Whoa!" called Jim, at John's request. Then the two brothers unhitched the mules and tied them to the wagon, where they started nibbling at the hay.

To the west could be seen the gray outline of San Diego Bay, and beyond that, over a narrow neck of land, lay the Pacific Ocean, which periodically assaulted the shore with its breakers. The air was still. An incessant regular swishing and booming of the surf, though several miles away, was borne as a murmur to their ears. Occasionally such farm sounds as a cow mooing or a mule braying would reach them.

But there was no wind. That fact, however, did not worry the two men. Sooner or later it would arrive.

Only a few miles south lay the hills of Mexico, standing like ramparts above the Border. As the sunlight began to burn away the mists of morning, the men could distinguish little shacks dotting the hills.

About ten o'clock a faint breeze began to waft in from the ocean, and to flutter the leaves in the trees. It paused, then became stronger as the land grew warmer. John crawled from beneath the wagon where he'd leaned against a wheel. The breeze caressed his tanned check and rippled his hair.

"Well, Jim, I believe it's time to get the bird out of the hay," he said, turning. Jim was busily wiping his rifle barrel with a bandanna.

Carefully they removed the hay covering the glider, which they carried over to the brow of the hill, facing west. The muslin-clad contraption took on a semblance of a large bird as it lay in the sunlight, fluttering in response to the breezes that nuzzled it.

John busiied himself checking the craft, while Jim went to the wagon and got the rope. Tying one end to the nose, he tossed the other end over the edge of the hill. It extended about sixteen feet down the face of the mesa.

"Now, Jim," reminded John as he started fastening the framework around himself, "I want you to pull like all-get-out for a while; but if it starts to pull the rope, just lit it go."

"I understand, John," replied the younger man, descending the slope. "You just let me know when you're gonna jump."

"All right, I will." And John continued to check the harness securing him. He stood astraddle a bicycle-type seat placed between the two wings, with ropes and straps across his shoulders and middle to hold the craft up. A length of rope ran from the elevator of the simple tail section, for up-and-down control. For lateral control he planned to lean from side to side. There was no rudder at all; such a control would come later. His own brogan-clad feet would be the landing gear.

Soon a lively breeze advanced up the hill, and continued its power. "Now, Jim!" John called out, and running to the brink of the hill he jumped off. Already Jim was running with the rope down the smooth-faced hill, into the teeth of the prevailing wind. He ran leaning back slightly, to

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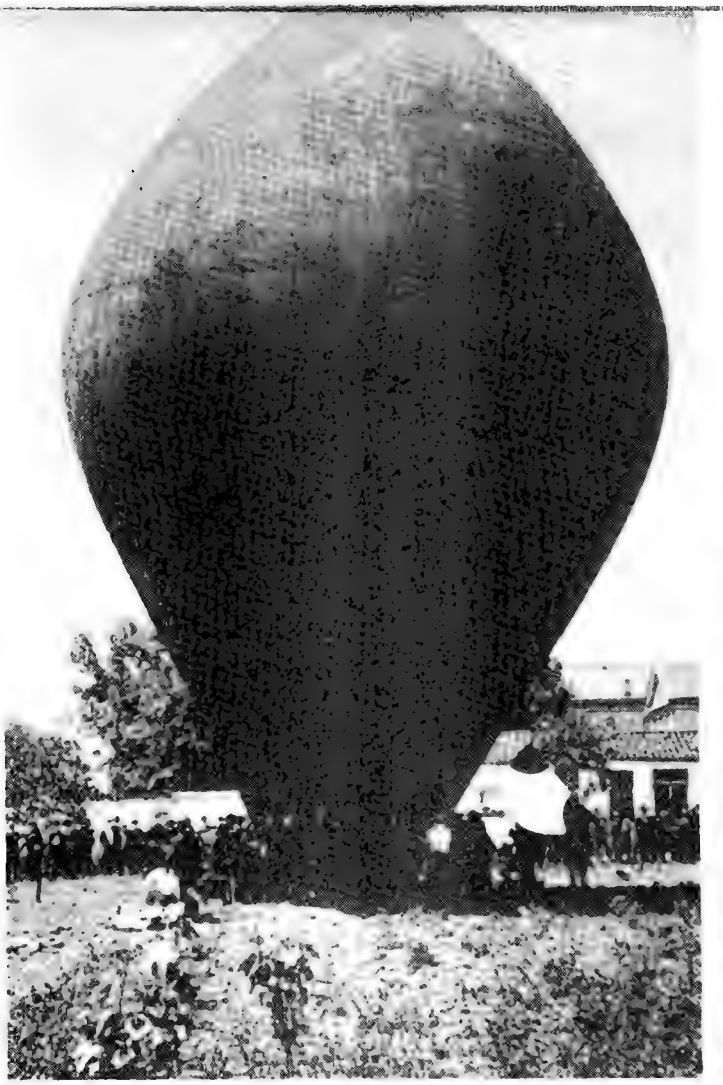

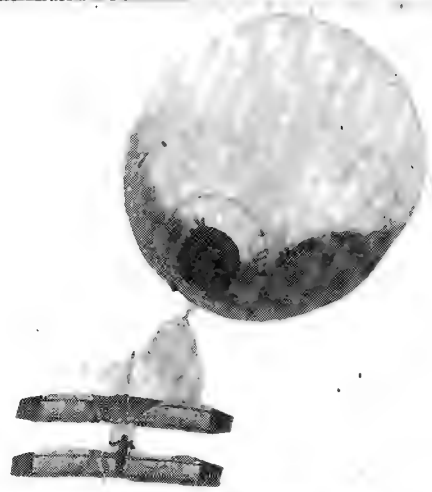

Balloon ascensions were common in the late 1800s as more and more young men dared to fly. Some would use huge air balloons to get them aloft, then they would cut loose and glide to the ground. Most of these efforts were on the East coast – Montgomery was probably the only Westerner who was working on airplane design.

aid his equilibrium in case he stumbled.

Suddenly the rope began to pull. Glancing up, he saw his brother busily working the rope control, and shifting his body as he and the glider passed overhead. Jim dropped the rope and stared in open-mouthed amazement as the muslin-clad machine, with the rope dangling behind it like a string from a buzzard's beak, coasted easily and silently down the slope of the mesa. It settled gently and gracefully to a perfect landing, beyond the base of the hill.

"Glory be!" Jim exclaimed, and dashed excitedly down the slope.

"John . . . how are you?" he panted, nervously. "How was it?"

"Wonderful!" said John, excitedly, his eyes having a fine gleam. "It was grand at the end — but I must confess that when we first rose into the air I was almost scared to death. It's so quiet and cushiony, but firm. Jim, it's grand!"

And Jim began to believe his brother was captivated with the sensation of soaring like a bird.

John Montgomery wanted to measure the flight. So they removed the rope and with a man at each end they started alternating their positions as they stretched it toward the crest of the ridge. Fifteen times this happened. The rope they knew was forty feet long — so more than 600 feet lay between jumping off and landing. John recorded the distance and enthusiastically prepared to make another flight.

They carried the craft up the hill, and repeated the launching process. John grew bolder and began to execute different maneuvers during flight. And Jim became exchausted from so much running and towing. Then the inevitable happened; the rope became snarled in John's dangling legs, and when he landed he stumbled, causing a wingtip to become badly damaged, and the frameowrk to be broken.

That stopped the flying for that day. They replaced the machine on the hayrack, and once more covered it with hay. When darkness was settling down, they hitched the mules to the wagon and headed for home.

But nothing could have thrilled John more. He had flown and mastered the air. Tasting the sauce of doing the unusual, he liked the taste. Now he was sure his efforts were in the right direction.

After that, flying really got into his blood, and John Montgomery couldn't be content with the regular rancher's life — or any other average life; they all seemed dull and uninspiring. He watched birds in flight with more understanding, and spent many a late hour drawing by lamplight, working numerous variations of designs. He missed many a meal, too.

His two younger sisters, Mary and Jane, who had loyally worked with him on the successful flying model, were called into service on the next year's glider. It had ailerons similar in use to those on present-day aircraft. He used the same mesa for a testing round, and laid some wooden rails for the craft to run on.

The 1884 model, with flat wings, didn't have the inherent flying

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FRENCHY McCORMICK - The Sweetheart of Tascosa's Saloon

SHE MADE THE CHANGE FROM DANCE HALL KITTEN TO DEVOTED BRIDE — THEN SPENT 29 YEARS PINING FOR HER LOST HUSBAND

by B. Daniels

In May 1915, the county seat of Oldham county was moved from Tascosa, deep in the Texas Panhandle, to Vega, 22 miles away. Frenchy McCormick was left alone, the last citizen of a town that was only a memory.

A friend from Channing visited her. "Why don't you come live with me, now?" she asked, looking at Frenchy's crumbling adobe home.

"I'll never leave Tascosa . . . or Mickey." Frenchy's blue eyes flashed. "He's waiting for me out there in Casimero Romero Cemetary."

At that time Frenchy was in the third spring of her 29 year death watch. Her love affair with Mickey McCormick had begun in the summer of 1880.

It was evening, yet noon hot in Mobeetie, Texas and Frenchy sat before the mirror in her room over the saloon. She sped her hands through her hair, watching its black gloss slide through the comb into soft ringlets about her shoulders. Her hair and her blue eyes had been responsible for one of the cowboys yelling "I want to dance with Frenchy." And the name had stuck.

No matter, it was as good a name as any, for she refused to reveal her real one. She had not used it since a decade ago when she ran away from her Louisiana home.

Not yet 18, with daredevil blood pounding in her veins and the assurance of being pretty, she had gone from St. Louis to Dodge City and then to Mobeetie, making her living dancing in bars. But the years in the bars, associated every night with cowboys, buffalo hunters and freighters had tired her and she was ready for a change. Her thoughts slowed and she leaned her head to one side, touching the long black hair. It was time to make a decision. She threw down the comb, picked up her brush and swept her hair back from her forehead in a high pompadour. Seizing the long soft curls, she twisted them in a coil just above the nape of her neck. But the red, low-necked, too-ruffled dress mocked her from the mirror. Quickly she stripped it off and and put on another.

The sounds from the bar below were growing louder now, and Frenchy knew she must go down. She smoothed her pompadour once more. She would go, but somehow, tonight would be different.

With anticipation, Frenchy smiled and stepped out to the balcony.

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Photo's courtesy of author.

Mickey McCormick was a gambler who took a chance on Frenchy – he believed she brought him luck and asked her to leave her saloon girl life to go with him. She jumped at the chance never dreaming that she was entering a life of sorrow. Her adobe home is shown below as it was in 1945, years after her death.

She looked down into the crowded saloon. Along one side was the bar, and on the other, the monte tables. The dancing space squared off at the back near the piano where red summer dust covered the floor and sifted up from the scuffling boots of the cowboys.

Frenchy's eyes turned to the monte tables. She had never seen the dark-haired man who was dealing. Dressed in a black frock coat, buttoned to almost conceal his matching waistcoat, his ascot loosely knotted below an immaculate white collar, he was a sharp contrast to the cowboys Frenchy knew. Could he be an omen of the change she hoped for? She hurried down the stairs toward the tables.

The stranger raised his head and his piercing black eyes held hers in a steady gaze. Slowly now, she sauntered toward him and stood near the table, watching him shuffle the cards with swiftly moving fingers. He dealt the cards, one at a time around the table, darting quick glances toward her. The betting quickly reached a climax and the chips and bank notes became a disordered pile in the center of the table. Finally the last bet was in, the hand finished and the stranger raked the winnings toward him. The heavy losers pushed back their chairs and left. Frenchy smiled and turned to leave.

"Don't leave, little lady. I believe you've brought me luck."

She whirled, her full skirt turning slower than she. "Then I should know who you are."

"I'm Mickey McCormick from Tascosa. I run a livery stable there and deal monte at night."

"What are you doing in Mobeetie?"

"I hauled a lawyer here, I'll go back tomorrow. What's your name?"

"They call me Frenchy."

More men had drifted up and the table was full again. "Stay here, Frenchy, while I play. Let's see if you really are my luck."

He picked up the deck again and Frenchy moved close to his right side, staying there the rest of the evening. Finally midnight had shoved, hollered and staggered through the saloon. In ones, pairs and sets the card men and cowhands were leaving.

Mickey swept a miscellany of cards, chips and bank notes toward him. "I told you, you're my luck. Why don't you come back to Tascosa with me? We'd make a great team."

Frenchy's smile faded. "Tascosa wouldn't be any different from Dodge or here. No thanks, I'm through with all this." Frenchy swept her arm in a disdainful arc. "No more dancing in bars for me."

Mickey studied her, frowning.

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"You don't look like a dance hall girl to me."

Frenchy's heart soared. She had been right to think tonight would be different. What if she hadn't changed her dress and hairdo. "A dancehall girl is what I've been." She thrust her chin up. "But I've decided that from now on things are going to be different."

"I knew fate brought us together. You're going back with me. From now on you'll be my luck. I'll pick you up in the morning," he looked deep into her eyes demanding the answer he wanted to hear.

"Do you own a saloon?" Frenchy asked, afraid to breathe until he said no.

Mickey took hold of both her shoulders. "You'll never be a dance hall girl again. Believe me, you won't." His black eyes penetrated hers. "Till morning," he said with no question in his voice.

"Till morning."

The last of the exhausted women were disappearing toward the rooms upstairs. Frenchy followed them slowly, unable to believe she was climbing the stairs for the last time.

Alone in her room, she lay sleepless. For the first time since running away from home, a sensation close to love was stirring in her heart. Dare she nourish it? Oh how she wanted to. But memories of St. Louis and Dodge City flashed unbidden before her, jarring the mood. She hadn't supported herself all these years be being soft, she was a gambler too. She'd go to Tascosa with Mickey McCormick and take her changes. She'd see how the cards would fall.

The sun nudged her eyes open. Winking against it, she started to doze again when an image of Mickey McCormick flashed through her mind. Suddenly her down pillow seemed to have thunder in it and she put all thought of sleep aside. Today her life was going to change . . . in a flurry of bedclothes, she got up and began packing furiously. Grabbing up her dance hall dresses, she threw them in the corner. Someone else could use them now.

By mid-morning she was ready. The saloon was empty when she crossed it with her meager belongings in her arms and went outside into the summer heat. Mickey drove up in a black buggy, pulled by a sorrel mare. He jumped down and quickly loaded her things. After helping her into the buggy, he got in and steadied the horse to the trail, puttering along at a skittish jog until Mobeetie was well behind.

Sitting beside him, Frenchy stole glances at his finely-chiseled profile. He was such a contrast to the cowboys

Frenchy McCormick shortly after she married Mickey. Their move to Tascosa seemed to be an improvement in her life. It was only a few years later that Tascosa dried up into a ghost town. The Exchange Hotel is seen below.

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she was used to . . . so slim and well-dressed. "Are you really sure you want to take me?" she began, her voice hesitant. "I mean I've been . . . ."

"You've been a good dance hall girl," Mickey interrupted. "It doesn't matter what you do as long as you do it well. I'm a good gambler. You've *been*," his black Irish eyes twinkled, "a good dance hall girl."

Propping his feet on the dashbar, Mickey rared back. "Tascosa is barely three years old. We've only got a few businesses but we're going to grow. McMasters store is new and has everything you could want to buy. And when the railroad comes, Tascosa is going to be the biggest town in the Panhandle," he added proudly.

The journey to Tascosa was a tedious one since it involved a 100 mile ride in the jolting buggy. That night Frenchy slept a little, supported by Mickey's arm around her waist, her head resting against his shoulder. The buggy jerked along in the darkness.

The sun was overhead and the knee-high prairie grass hued yellow from its rays when they finally neared Tascosa. "Look, Frenchy," Mickey pointed, his voice excited.

The buggy rumbled over a worn buffalo trail which curved through scrubby cedar trees and mesquite. "We just crossed the Canadian River and over there," he gestured to the left, "up on that knoll is Boot Hill. I'm the one that said if Dodge City has one, we should, too."

They had driven up Bridge Street and turned right onto Main Street. "There she is," Mickey said proudly. "There's Tascosa."

Frenchy turned her eyes toward the street. In one easy sweep, she could see most of the town, only a brown clutter now, but already she shared Mickey's enthusiasm for its growth.

"My house if just one block up from here," Mickey was excited. "But let's go see the town first." He flicked the reins. "*And* my livery stable."

The dusty street snaked crookedly with adobe buildings on both sides. "My livery stable is at the far end," Mickey said. "The blacksmith shop is next to it. And the biggest store, McMasters, is across the street from me." He pulled the buggy to a stop. "That's our saloon," he said and pointed across the street. "And over here," he motioned to Frenchy's side, "is Ira Rinehart's store. J.W. Cone lives right next to it, and next door is his store. Around the corner, on Spring Street, is the exchange Hotel. That's about it for now, but you just wait. Tascosa will outgrow them all."

After looking at Mickey's livery stable, they drove back to Bridge Street and Mickey's small adobe home. Day by day, they fell more in love, finally admitting it had been love at first sight. Frenchy was enchanted to have a house instead of a room and quickly settle; into her new role as "Mickey's Luck." By day he ran the livery stable and at night Frenchy was at his side at the monte tables.

One night another girl stood near the table where Mickey played. She was a young beauty in a low cut blue dress. Mickey's luck began to wan. Frenchy stood by nervously, lighting Mickey's slim cigars and fuming at his losses.

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What age can do to a woman — Frenchy as a young woman of 17 in the charcoal drawing above and as the last resident of old Tascosa at right in 1940 — her age was 87.

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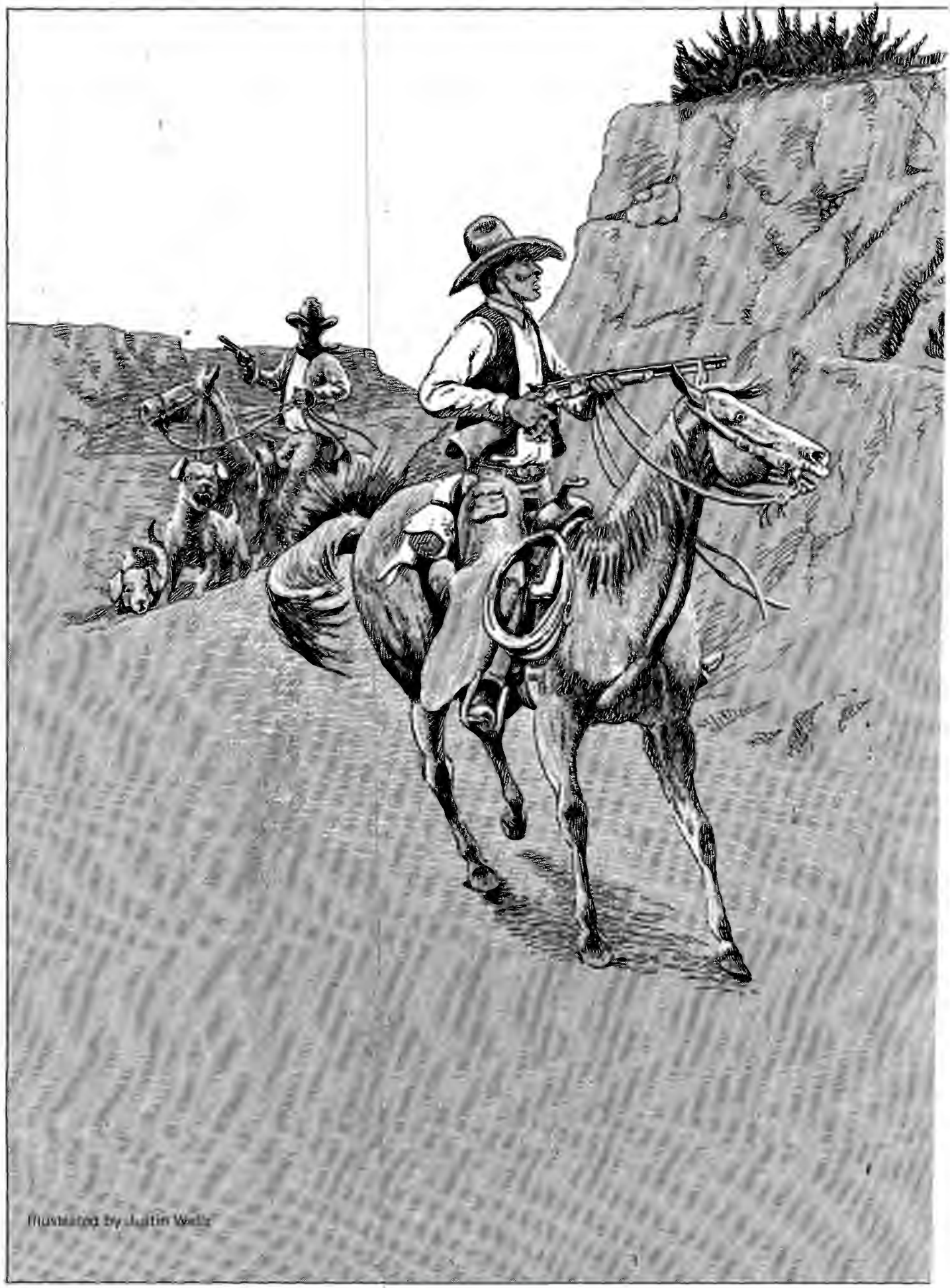

Illustration by Justin Wells

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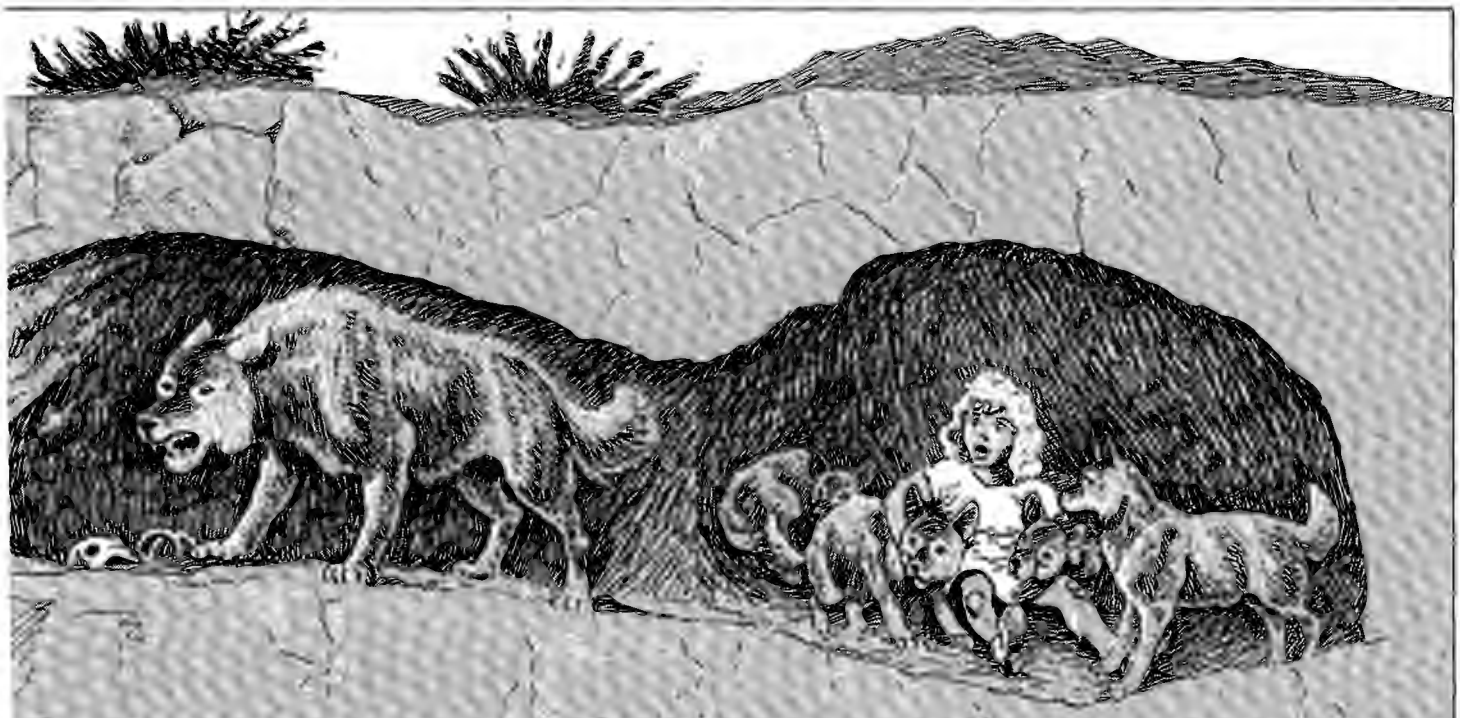

Whoop-La in a Wolf Den

By Harry Webb

SHE WAS ONLY A FEW YEARS OLD, BUT SHE COULD CUSS LIKE A SHEEP SHEARER — AND THAT SEEMED TO KEEP THE WOLVES AWAY!

Although I, as well as many of the M Bar cowboys and those of the Padlock Outfit, had six-gunned quite a number of "Lobo" wolves and had the fun of occasionally roping one when it was heavily gorged from a fresh bovine kill, I had never run across their dens. But in April, 1908 I was initiated into two wolf den incidents that stand out in my memory.

I was breaking broncs that spring for the M Bar when the ranch was electrified by Bill Hilcher racing in with news that the four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adams had wandered away from their sheep-shearing camp a dozen or so miles to our north.

Every rider was asked to meet at the shearing corrals where an intensified search for the little blonde girl was being organized. She had left the camp buildings about five o'clock the evening before to go down to the corrals, a quarter mile distant, to walk back with her father and crew of fifteen shearers. She had been warned to "stay right on the road to the corrals," but it was evident she had gone off on a branch road halfway to the shearing pens and disappeared in thin air. "I'm heading for Short's!" Bill said and was off to alert others.

Unlike other evenings, the shearers had worked until dark finishing up a band so the girl had not been missed until they reached camp. Not only was the ringlet-haired tyke the darling of the community, but especially so of the crew who sheared there every spring, where she acquired a vocabulary that was grist for conversation around every chuck-wagon in the country.

For miles around, the country was made up of sagebrush gullies, sandstone buttes and cliffs and the little girl could be any place. Vede Pumfrey, a rancher four miles from the shearing camp, had taken charge of the search, scattering us riders. Each was to leave no bush or declivity unsearched. During the night her father and crew had gone out with lanterns, calling her name so they were sure she was nowhere close by. The temperature had gone below freezing, and being clad in a thin dress, added to the mother's worry.

Another fear that dominated the mother and neighbor women, who had gone horseback and in buckboards to help console Mrs. Adams, was that the tot may have been killed by a wolf pack as large packs were a common sight. Dick Riggs, an Owl Creek rancher, and I once counted thirty eight gray wolves just after they had killed the last of fourteen horses in a pasture.

By nightfall not a rider among us had an encouraging report to turn in to the distraught parents, and if ever a landscape had gotten a going over it was by this group of keen-eyed cowboys. It was then Wilfred Short — whom Bill Hilcher had rounded up — made a suggestion: "Since I'm the only one with a fresh horse I think I better light a running an' get old Jack Ketchum and his dogs. He's been hunting dens around the Grass Creek ranch and might still be there. We can

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make it back here by morning. What say?"

"Them dogs of his'n don't know nothin' but trackin' lions an' bobcats an' killin' wolves," some one offered. "Still and all we're up a stump so far, so maybe that pack of dogs might see or smell out somethin' we haven't." Socking in the spurs Wilfred was off with the crowd's blessing and hopes that Ketchum hadn't moved to a new territory.

That night several of us rode back in the hills, building fires on knolls, shouting and now and then firing our sixshooters in the hopes the little girl might be alerted if she were alive. Then we would listen with bated breath for some feeble cry. But all that reached our strained ears was the soft sighing breeze or the occasional deep-chested yowl of a wolf here and there as it challenged our fires. And a wolf's long-drawn moan in the dead of night would make a man's scalp crawl much less frighten this little girl into insanity. Then, too, there was no assurance as to how a hundred pound *Lobo* might react should it come upon such a tiny person. That was something we had no answer for.

It was a welcome sight and sound when big, pot-bellied Ketchum and his forty odd bawling, yipping hounds rode into the Adams' camp at day break. Wolfing and lion hunting being his business he had dogs of every description; beagles for trailing, and several Russian wolf and stag hounds for fighting, as these latter only ran by sight. But what, everyone wanted to know, could a beagle do when it come to trailing a human?

"Here's what I'm going to do," Ketchum told us. "Old Bob, here," pointing to the largest of the beagles, "is a cross between a human and a bloodhound. He'll do just as I say and can run a track a week old and he won't go off on any trail but the one I want him to follow. These other pot-lickers are wide rangers but they seldom get out of hand. When they hear this old horn of mine, they'll come to my horse."

It was with misgivings on our part when he took one of the little girl's shoes and a dress and had his favorite beagle, Bob, sniff them. Then he took the dog to her bed and talked to him. To our surprise the dog showed interest and when outside he set off down the beaten path, working slow, his nostrils popping. On reaching the fork in the old road there was no doubt in anyone's mind the dog knew what he was supposed to do and was on the girl's trail.

From then on he kept us on a trot except when we would weave around some bush or rock pile, circling and sniffing. At one spot Dick Riggs slid off his horse and knelt down. "By God that dog's got her tracks! Here they are!" Crowding round we knew Old Bob knew his stuff. But we were *two miles* from the sheep corrals and had covered every rod of that vicinity and for several miles farther the day before.

"Won't be long now," Ketchum said as the dog kept us at a gallop as he gave out his trail bellow every few hundred yards. We had gone at this pace for over a mile when Bob put on the brakes, turned and set up a barking as only a beagle can when his quarry is run to earth. Three loud honks from Ketchum's cow horn brought the ranging pack barking and yowling around a slanting hole in the side of a sagebrush gully.

"Hell's Fire!" a rider said. "He's got off on a wolf track! That's a wolf den!"

"We'll damn soon find out," Ketchum said. "Get back, Bob," he said, kicking dogs away, "so we can take a look-see." With his head down the hold he listened a while then stood up. "I don't know, but I'm bankin' on Old Bob," he said in a worried tone. "So one o' you snake-bellied fellows'll have to crawl in."

"If she's in there," Riggs all but groaned, "it's a lead-pipe cinch a wolf dragged her in."

It took considerable persuasion before Bill Hilcher said he'd try and get in. Bill's feet had disappeared when we hear muffled sounds and he was wriggling out with the help of Ketchum pulling a leg. When we first glimpsed a tiny leg and no small voice and blood on Bill's arm, everyone fire the same question. "Is she dead, Bill? Is she all right?" We expected to see nothing on the lower end of the leg except gnawed flesh.

Then she was out and on her feet and we were wiping blood and dirt from her face. "I don't think I'm dead," she said, setting everybody laughing, "but I'm sure as hell hungry!" As to the why of the blood, Bill said, "That ain't her blood, it's mine. There's some pups there and the little bastards can bite like a tomcat." At this the little girl giggled merrily. Talk? She was rattling away like a politician at a rally and paying no attention to our flood of questions.

"Is the old one in there?" she was asked.

"He come in once," was the reply, "but I poked a stick in his fired and told him to stay away."

"I think she's too young to know whether the old one's in there or not," Puntenay said. "What do you think, Bill?"

"Don't ask me!" Bill replied. "Black as tar down there but I imagined there was a sort of a room led off, so she could be there for all I know. I was feelin' around and when I felt the kid's foot I got to hell out!"

"Git in there, Slim," Ketchum said, indicating me, "and haul out them pups. I got a piece o' candle here, so—"

"You ain't talking to me!" I told him. "I'm not hankering to have no bitch wolf bite my nose off!"

"Oh, bit my—!" the old wolfer began, but was halted by Pennoyer's bark of "Hold it, Jack! She hears plenty around them sheep-shearers without us making her any worse."

"Oh I know what Mr. Dog Man wanted to say," Rosie, or Rosalie (I've forgotten which) said, laughing and peeking at us through her spread fingers.

"Well I don't think she's in there," Ketchum blustered, "but if she is she won't hurt yuh. A cripple will tie into you on the surface but will come down in a den like a whipped pup. I know, because I've crawled in dens and come face to face with both kinds, so let's quit piddlin' around so we can get outa here."

Again Ketchum put the squeeze on Hilcher. Bill wasn't credited with being overly bright anyway, so he wormed back down the hole, his .45 shoved ahead of him, and soon he was handing out snarling, snapping pups and exhibiting fresh blood. "No old one so far," he grunted.

In a short while Ketchum had broken the necks of seven with a swift chop behind their ears with the edge of his hand. "By Golly," he said, viewing five grays and two blacks. "I'm glad this little shaver got lost. This means I've made seventy simoleons this morning!"

"Well you shouldn't of hurted them!" Rosie flared. "We had fun and they kept me warm."

On the way home she rode behind Pennoyer and despite her harrowing experience her childish swearing kept us laughing, even though we tried hard to curb our outbursts.

"She hasn't been around shearing crews for nothing," Pennoyer said, embarrassed at times, for the more we laughed the more she sprinkled her account with (often mispronounced) cuss words, though coming from her they lacked profanity.

"When I was losted in the old dark," she prattled on, "I cried like holy hell an' called mommy an' daddy but they didn't hear me I guess. But the next day I saw these pretty puppies playing around that hole an' I wasn't afraid any more. But you know sumpin.? Them little baxtards wouldn't play. They just runded down that hole so I went in too. An' it was nice an' warm down there an' after a while the puppies and me talked amd made whoopla."

"Whatever whoopla is?" Pennoyer said. One thing, she kept us howling over some mule-skinner work or phrase.

"You know sumpin'?" she continued. "I guess I falled asleep cause I woked up an' went to climb out an' there was a big ol' animan lookin' at me an' I poked my stick in his snoot an' said Go way you ol' bad animan you. But you know sumpin'? (We always had to admit not knowing

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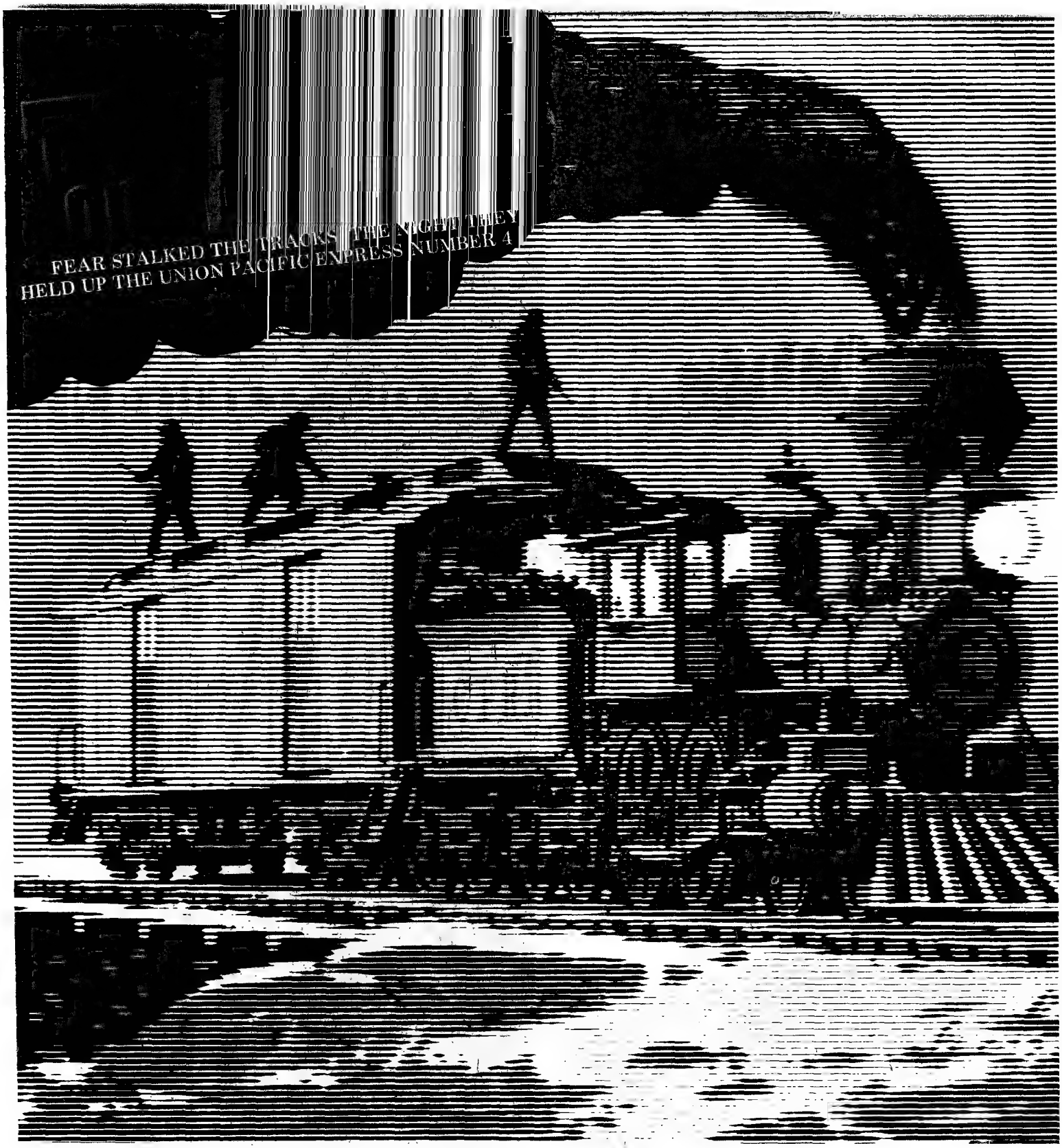

FEAR STALKED THE TRACKS THE NIGHT THEY HELD UP THE UNION PACIFIC EXPRESS NUMBER 4

by G.R. Rhoades

Ninety-six years ago a band of notorious highwaymen staged the largest train robbery in Nebraska history and started a massive manhunt that was to end in death for four of the gang's members.

The long manhunt had its beginning on September 19, 1877, when the eastbound Union Pacific Express No. 4 barreled its way through the darkness toward the lonely railway station of Big Springs — one of the most isolated stations in route to Omaha, Nebraska.

Suddenly, as the engineer peered down the right-of-way, a red lantern flared up and began to swing back and forth across the tracks at the station site about one mile ahead. Someone was flagging down the train. There was no course for the engineer to follow but to stop at the light for there must be danger ahead, or some other pressing emergency, to account for this strange enigma at this lonely spot at such an untimely hour of the night. And he was more than right!

Fifteen minutes earlier, or approximately 10:30 p.m., two masked men had entered the small isolated Union Pacific railway station and, with drawn and cocked revolvers, had forced station agent Barnhart to tear out his telegraph and to set out the red lantern used to signal the approaching Express.

As the train ground to a halt, Barnhart, following the precise orders of the bandits, placed his mail bags out on the boardwalk and then walked slowly over to the express car. He was

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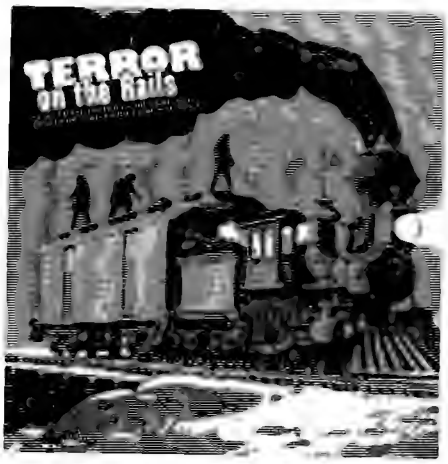

now accompanied by four masked men. For a moment he hesitated, but a sharp jab in the back by a pistol barrel seemed to assure him that the outlaws meant business. As ordered, he knocked upon the door.

From that moment on a series of rapid events were to take place: As the door of the express car inched open three of the bandits grabbed it, threw it wide open and over-powered the messenger. Up front, three other masked men boarded the engine, took custody of both the engineer and the fireman and extinguished the engine's fire. The conductor, a man named Patterson, stepped from the train to investigate the cause of the "unscheduled" lay-over, and he was greeted by still more revolvers.

"Put up your hands," was the order of the outlaws.

But Patterson thought the men were joking. "You wouldn't shoot anybody would you?" he asked.

"Pat, they mean business!" replied station agent Barnhart.

At that moment two passengers — Andy Riley of Omaha, and one other — stepped out to the rear platform to "air" themselves and were ordered back into the coach. Riley's companion hurried back, but Riley apparently misunderstood the instructions and walked closer to the men. Two shots rang out and Riley fell, sprawled to the platform with a bullet through his side.

Meanwhile, other members of the gang boarded the passenger car where, in pairs, they began a systematic "shakedown" of the badly frightened passengers. The outlaws refused to take any money from the women and they even refunded some money to a pair of men whom they later discovered were invalids. But of the others, they robbed them of their gold watches and currency — taking about $2,000 in currency alone.

Inside the express car the bandits rifled one of the safes and discovered a chest which, when opened, contained $60,000 in twenty dollar gold pieces, all of which carried the mintmark "1877."

Turning to the messenger they then ordered that a second safe — one which had a huge combination lock attached — should be opened, but the messenger replied that he could not; that he did not know the combination to the lock. Convinced that the messenger was telling the truth, the outlaws ransacked the remainder of the car for whatever valuables they could find and then left with the $60,000 in gold.

At one point in time several members of the gang tried to enter the sleeper, but found its doors locked. In attempting to jar the doors open the outlaws were alarmed by the sound of a distant whistle of an approaching freight train. And the entire gang of outlaws immediately withdrew from the vicinity of the express train and disappeared on their horses into the dark shadows of the night.

Conductor Patterson, in realizing that time was the most important factor in apprehending the outlaws, ran down the track and flagged down the oncoming freight. When the train had braked to a halt, Patterson took control of the engine and set out to notify the authorities of the daring robbery.

By early morning officials at every railway station and all law enforcement agencies in the nearby area had been telegraphed news of the robbery. When the ill-fated express train finally rolled into Omaha at 5:30 a.m. a half-dozen parties were already

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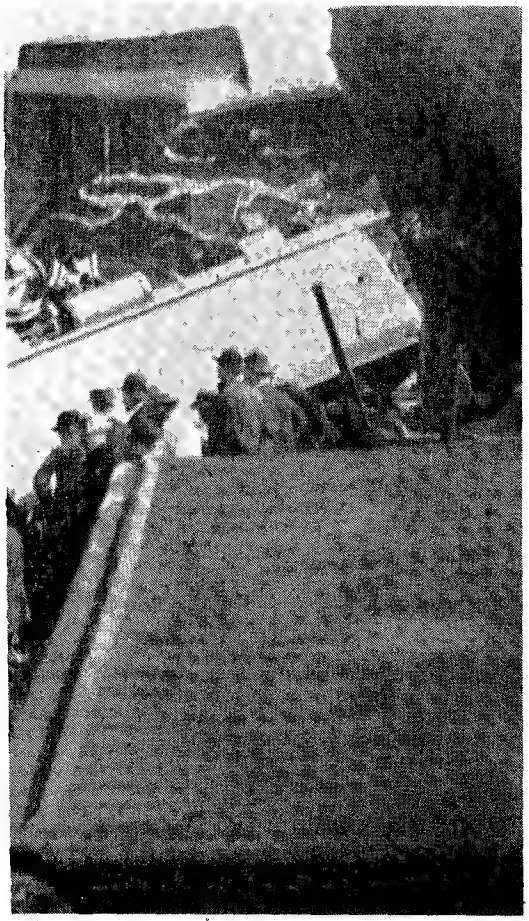

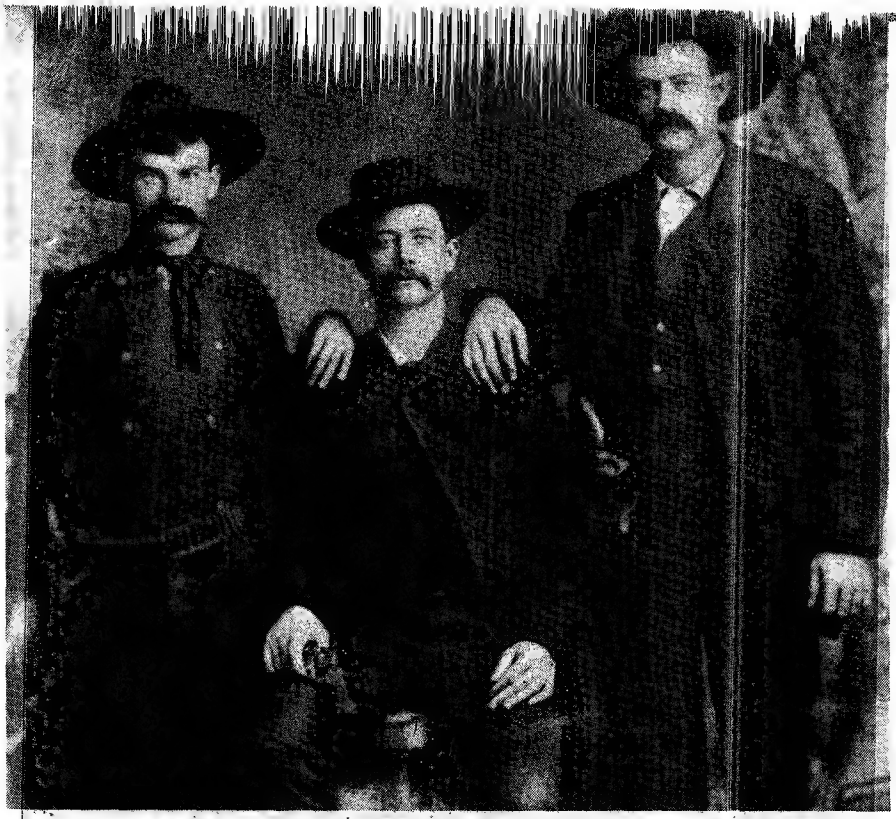

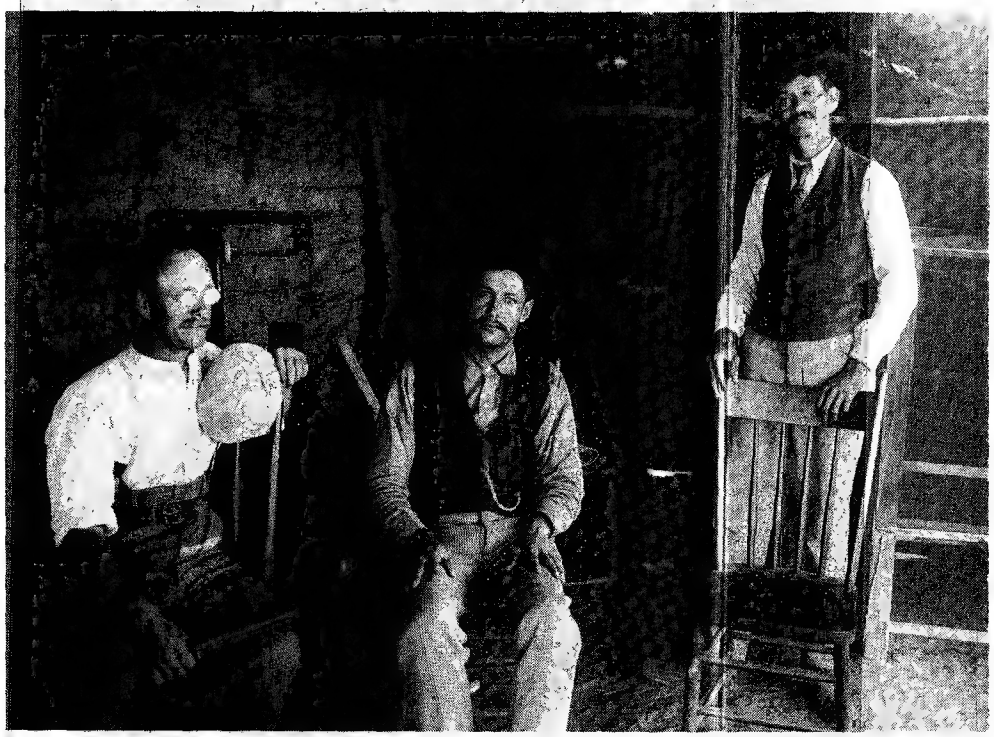

Train wrecks which occurred within days of the Big Springs station hold-up that spread terror up and down the rails. Above is the Albany Junction disaster that caused one death when two farm boys derailed the engine after reading about the terrorist outlaw's attack. At left is a rear ender a short time later — note the engine protruding from under the freight car.

The three outlaws in a rare pose (upper photo). Station agent Barnhart who was forced to flag down the train is at far left in the photo above — Photo from Title Insurance and Trust Co.

in pursuit of the outlaws — each party seemingly more anxious than the other to collect the $10,000 reward offered for the bandits' capture and the recovery of the stolen money. Sheriff McCarty of Sidney was among these men, as was Sheriff Bradley of North Platte, himself an old hand at trailing outlaws.

The robbery was the first on the Union Pacific lines and the largest known. Railroad officials were more than anxious to see the men captured, but there posed before them two major problems: Who were the outlaws, and where had they gone?

More than a few good citizens speculated that the bandits were members of a gang that had recently robbed several stagecoaches in the Dakotas; others simply believed them to be a gang from southwest Missouri, headed by friends of the Youngers; and still others "knew for certain" that two of them were the James boys. All they were really certain of, concerning the outlaws, is that they were certain of nothing — except, of course, that the outlaws had escaped with a very large sum of money.

Later in the day Sheriff Bradley and his posse, having found the trail of the outlaws, discovered several discarded revolvers and an empty coin box about 10 miles north of Big

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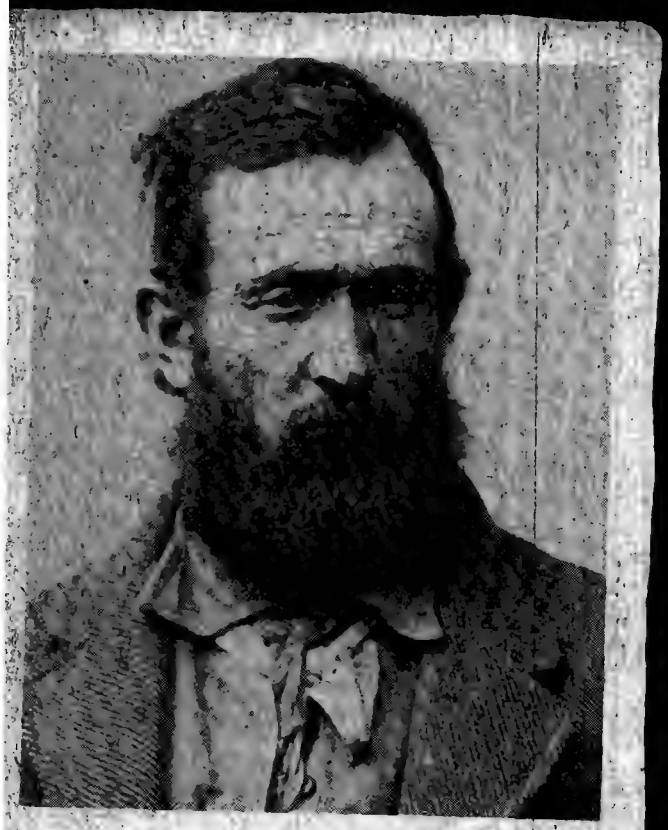
Frank Francis – mastermind.



Erastus Anderson – 19 year old.

A GALLERY OF RAILROAD'S DEADLIEST KILLERS

They Held Up Trains!

by John Boessenecker

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Railroad's Deadliest Killers

The outlaws headed southeast towards Utah. They were trailed by a posse led by Elko County Sheriff Henry Taber and Central Pacific Railroad Detective Samuel Deal. Rewards totaling $1250 each were offered for Nay, Hawley, Francis, Earl, and Anderson.

John Thacker, when informed of the robbery and the gang's flight to Utah, immediately boarded a train for Provo, Utah. Here, with Sheriff Turner of Provo, he began forming a posse. On January 26 Thacker and Turner received a wire from Tooele County Sheriff John Gillespie stating that the bandits were believed to be holed up in a cabin near Antelope Mountain, fifty miles northeast of Deseret.

Joining Sheriff Taber's Nevada posse, which had arrived in Provo after a grueling trek across the freezing desert, Thacker and his men boarded a train to Deseret where they were met by Sheriff Fowler of Utah County.

The lawmen, now seventeen strong, set off for Antelope Mountain on the afternoon of January 28. They brought with them a wagon to transport prisoners plus a supply of dynamite and a small cannon to be used in the event of a siege at the cabin hideout.

After three hours of hard riding through the winter snow Thacker and the posse stumbled onto a deserted stockade and corral. During a search of the surrounding area Sheriff Turner spotted two heavily armed horsemen in the hills north of the stockade. Suspecting that they might be train robbers, Turner took up a position on high ground overlooking the riders and ordered them to surrender.

Immediately the two men leaped from their horses, and using the animals as shields, opened fire on the sheriff. The sound of gunfire alerted Thacker and the possemen and they raced to Sheriff Turner's aid.

Thacker and the other officers directed a barrage of rifle fire at the two outlaws, wounding one man and killing their two horses. Outlaws and lawmen traded fire for several minutes until one bandit dropped his gun and raised his hands, shouting that he wanted to surrender. At the same time his partner darted across the open ground and took cover in a ravine.

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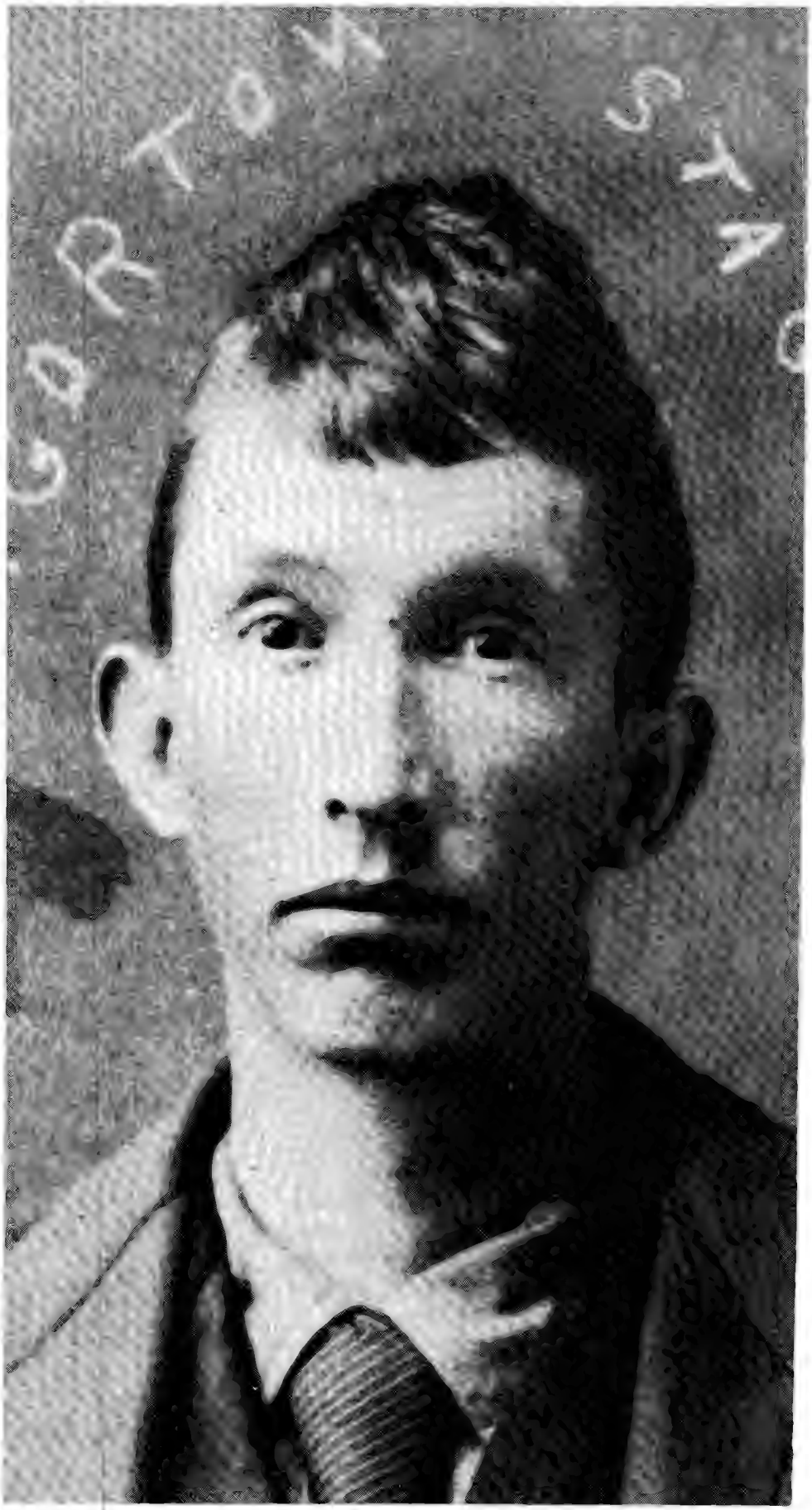

Harry L. Gordon — Arrested in Kansas for the mysterious Clipper Gap robbery.

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Three robbers who were all captured by John Thacker — the nemesis of railroad outlaws. At right is Frank Hawley lying wounded after a gun battle near Antelope Mountain in Utah in 1883. He recovered and stood trial. Bottom right is George W. Schlagel who tried to rob two trains near Stockton, California. His partner, George Williams, is shown below in 1897.

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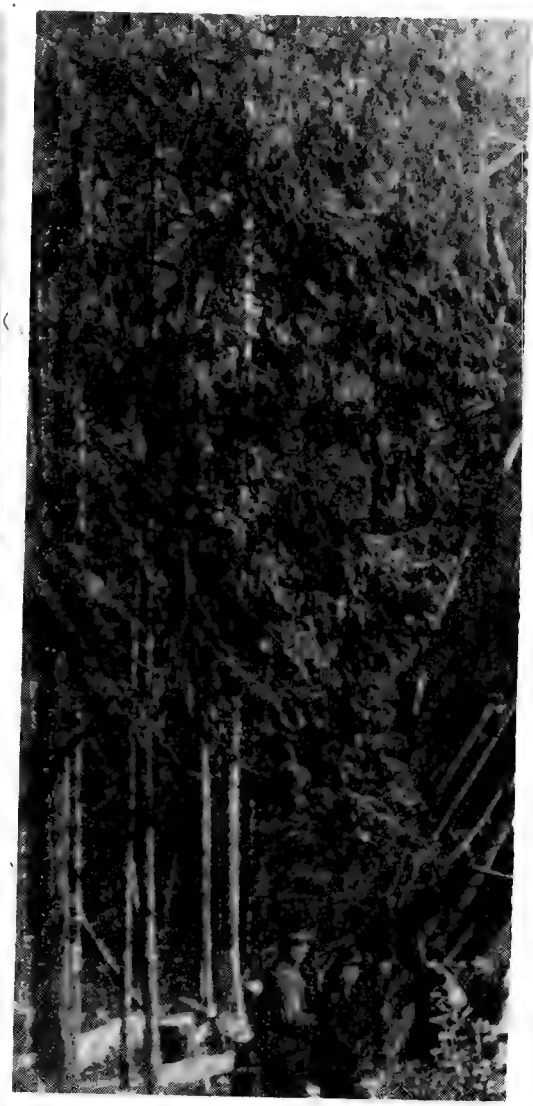

As engineer Billie McDowell opened the throttle on a new and powerful logging locomotive that Monday morning back on November 25th in 1912, he must have felt a real sense of power. The logging shay responded quickly to his command as the sharp exhaust testified. McDowell's crew had taken two trial runs over the newly completed road the Saturday before and had found everything in order. Now it was time to put some speed into the operation to haul those logs down to the Coquille River. After all, this new railroad had taken many months in building as at least two long and high trestles had been constructed across deep canyons on the rugged Oregon coast.

Logging trains were not unusual in southern Oregon around the turn of the century as they were the main ways used to move the giant trees out of the forests. In fact, Coos County with large stands of timber located on the rainy Oregon coast, at one time or another had 28 logging railroads leading up various creeks in the area.

On that November morning coming out of Seeley and Anderson's camp, several men were in the cab and on the car directly behind the engine. The crew consisted of engineer

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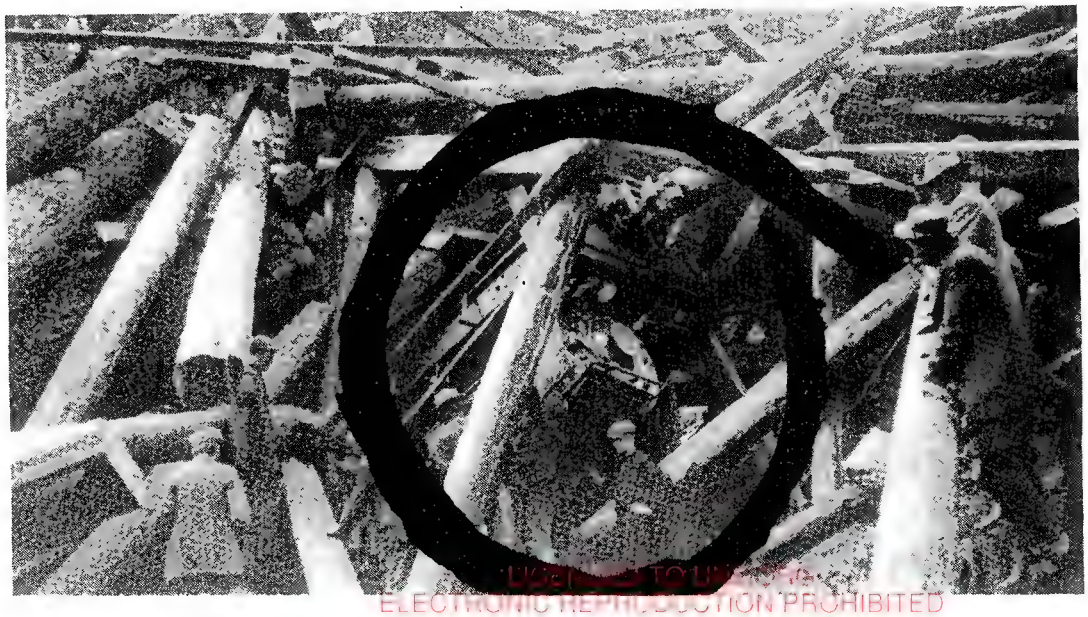
Photo's courtesy of author.

Disaster At Trestle Creek

THE HIGHEST RAILROAD BRIDGE — AND THE WORST TRAIN WRECK

by Curt Beckham



The story of a catastrophe — It begins with the trestle construction shown far left. Note that although there are many vertical cross braces, there are no lateral or horizontal braces. Arrow points to where the braces should be. When the first train came across and applied its breaks, the slowing of the momentum put a forward strain on the bridge collapsing it like a row of dominoes. The engine fell 104 feet and is shown buried under the support logs at left.

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McDowell, fireman Charles Smith, and brakeman Rol Anderson. The extra passengers going to Bandon were Guy Rose, the camp's bookkeeper from Myrtle Point, and three loggers, namely Fred Adkins, Lester Wright, and Chancey Humphreys.

Wright had quit work and was on his way to town where he planned to take passage on a steamer to San Francisco. Adkins and Humphreys were going to town to see the doctor. Both had suffered injuries at work — Adkins a crushed thumb and Humphreys a cut foot.

All on board the logger were in a happy mood that brisk fall morning as the three car logging train moved easily around the turns as McDowell pushed the throttle back and forth. He intermittently tested the shrill shay whistle to send a new sound vibrating through the tall trees alongside the tracks. One moment all was peaceful and serene and the next utter chaos.

The highest trestle on the road was a huge structure of logs and timbers estimated to contain over a quarter of a million feet of lumber in it. Four Lewis Brothers from Bandon had taken the contract to build this great span and had sub-contracted the yarding of the timbers to Dan Barklow of Myrtle Point. Barklow had several teams of horses which he used to drag the timbers to the steep gorge.

The distance from the bottom of the gulch to the rails over the trestle was 104 feet and the length was 496 feet. There were 31 bends and the distance between them was 16 feet. Each bent was 20 feet high and there

Scattered timbers and twisted rails are all that remain in this photo taken two days after the disaster at Bill's Creek renamed Trestle Creek after the accident.

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were five strings of them in the structure with those in the bottom of the canyon being 64 feet wide. Each was built on a slope so that the top one on which the rails were laid was but twelve feet wide. There were braces across the bents, but lengthwise of the bridge there were no bracings other than the horizontal timbers that extended from one side to the other.

As the fast moving logging train sped over the trestle, McDowell applied the brakes. This slowing of the momentum of the heavy load placed a great strain on the trestle and without lengthwise girders it collapsed. The indications were that the engine was about half way across the high maze of timbers when the whole thing gave way. Half the trestle went down while the other half piled in on the helpless loggers. What a great crashing noise the twisting and breaking of the timbers must have made! Not one witness other than the riders was anywhere near this appalling catastrophe. In addition to the breaking of the timbers and falling logs, the boiler of the shay was ruptured, spewing hot, scalding steam in all directions.

Rol Anderson, realizing what was going to occur at the first trembling of the engine, turned to the engineer and said "Goodby, Billie," and he in reply said, "Keep your seats boys, we're gone."

McDowell, Smith and Wright were killed outright. Anderson, Rose and Humphreys miraculously got clear of the wreckage by their own efforts, but not before they were fearfully scalded by the escaping steam.

Humphreys also suffered a fracture of a leg in two places. He crawled some thirty feet up the side of the steep bank where he sat down to await rescue. Guy Rose and Rol Anderson, while suffering severe pain, made their way to nearby spring. Rose could go no further. Anderson, although maddened by pain, crawled out of the canyon and stumbled over a mile down the tracks to Radley's camp where he fell exhausted. He told what had happened. Soon men from this camp and the Seeley and Anderson camp were on the scene. When word of the tragedy reached town, doctors rushed out from Bandon. It took over an hour to extricate Adkins, who was buried under about twenty feet of twisted timbers. He was barely alive when his terribly burned and broken body was carried out of the debris.

The wounded men had to be carried a long ways on stretchers before they could be taken to the hospital at Bandon. A rumor existed that another victim in the person of a stranger who sought employment may have been buried in the wreckage. This man walked into camp Sunday afternoon and made inquiries regarding work, and not being successful left Monday morning about the time the logging train did. Whether he boarded the ill-fated train was never ascertained as old newspaper accounts of the wreck failed to state whether this person was ever found or not.

The badly burned victims did not live very long. Chancey Humphreys, father of eight children, died about 4 a.m. Tuesday. Guy Rose and Fred Adkins died later the same day. Rol Anderson was said to have died on Wednesday night but that report was in error. Old accounts of the accident revealed that he survived and was the recipient of many skin grafts before his recovery.

Lottie Carey Belshaw of Myrtle Point can verify that Rol did survive. Lottie related recently that she was 23 years old at the time and was working in the Bandon woolen mill. She knew Anderson and went to visit him in the hospital. Lottie recalled one incident about the skin grafting for Rol. A dark skinned person came to the hospital to offer some skin for the burned victim. Anderson, in his usual jovial mood, said he didn't mind taking this man's skin, remarking that he would just as soon be a pinto as not.

Some time after the accident and when Lottie was a nurse in northern California she ran across Anderson in the hospital from another logging accident. Their paths were to cross again in 1918 when she was watching a "Preparedness Day" parade in Bakersfield, California. She met Rol on a street corner where they recalled that terrible train wreck near Bandon a few years before.

Another pioneer of the area, Josie Storm Knight, recalls her folks taking her to see the accident when she was a small girl. She also remembers playing near the log chute which ended in the river near her home.

If any good thing came from the tragic accident on Bill's Creek it can be said that it triggered the Oregon Legislature into passing a State Industrial Accident Law in 1913. Before that time Oregon industrial accidents were under the common law rule in that negligence had to be proven in court that either the employer or employee was negligent. The Bill's Creek accident had a great impact on the State Labor Commission which inspected the wreck. Soon the law wheels began to turn resulting in an Industrial Accident Fund for injured employees and doing away with the burden of proof common law.

Chancey Humphreys was the only one of the victims who was married. A few months after the wreck the courts awarded a pension in the amount of her husband's monthly wages which was $80.00 per month. The logging company was to pay this until her family was grown.

The bulldozer and logging trucks brought an end to logging trains in Coos County. In June of 1972, the Georgia-Pacific Corp. abandoned the old Smith-Powers railroad, it being the last one of that turn of the century logging railroads. Very little evidence remains of those old logging roads. If a person knows just where to search he may occasionally find an overgrown roadbed or some rotted piling stubs as the last reminders of those "glory days of logging."

Seely and Anderson's crew in front of the cook-house (below). At right is Dan Barklow whose father hauled out the timbers

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WHEN THEY CALLED THE SANTA FE LINE A BLOODBATH

DEATH Rode with the Engineer

by Carl Breihan

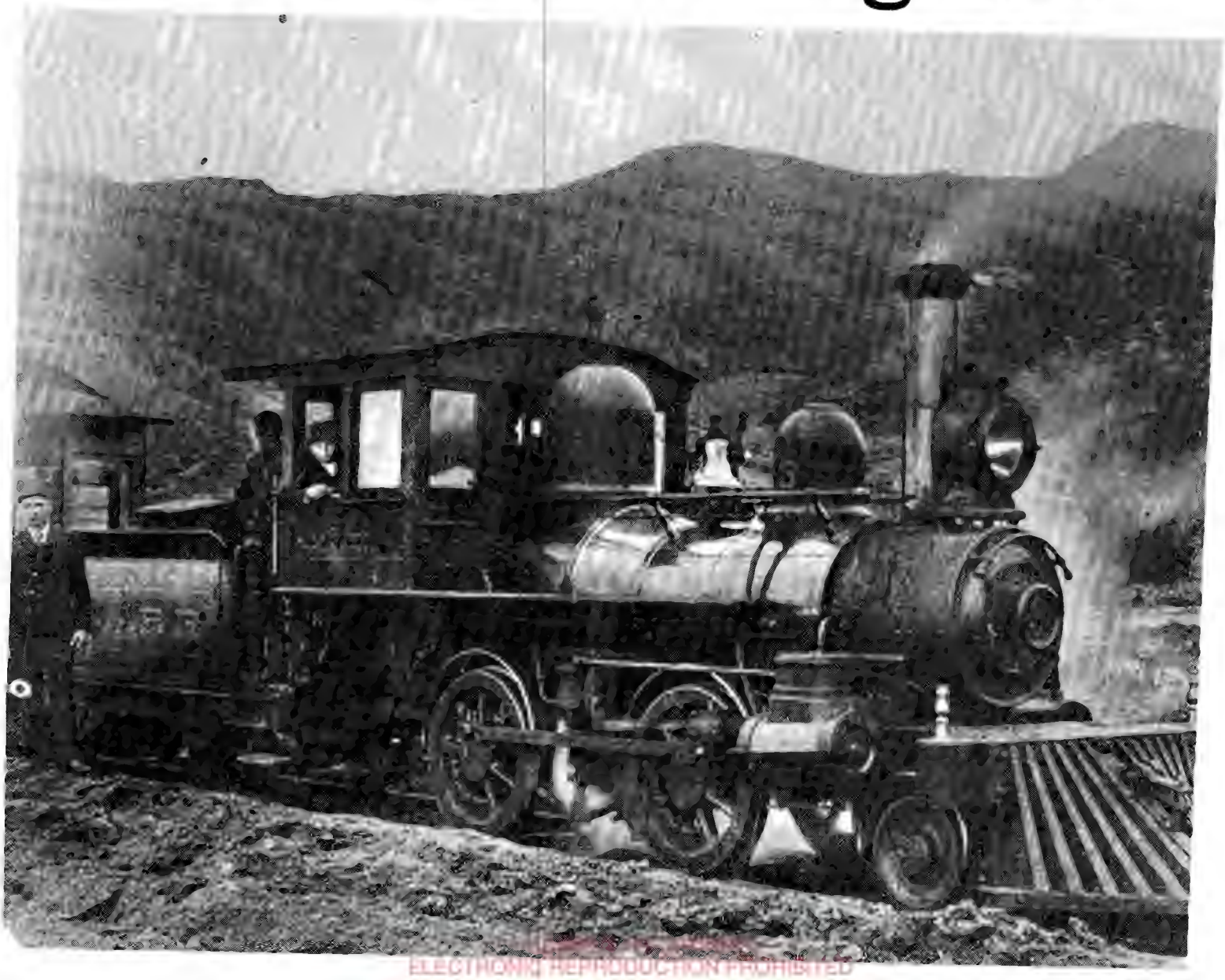
Dusk had settled over the Arizona landscape one eventful day in February, 1900, as the train from Nogales to Benson, on the Santa Fe-Guaymas line of the El Paso-Southwestern railroad entered the station at Fairbanks. As it slid to a stop, the express messenger, his shotgun cradled in the crook of his arm, slid back the express car door and waited totake aboard new packages. All looked serene; then with no premonition of trouble.

After a short stop, the train lumbered out of the station, but there was an extra man in the engine. Express messenger Jeff Milton was unaware of this. He had loaded the heavy express bags and sat back for a smoke and a quiet ride. Up front in the engine, however, things were moving fast.

The dark figure who had forced his way on board at gun point ordered engineer Al Helmsmun to pull the train out of sight of the station and then stop. He wore a blue bandanna over his face and gave quick orders. When the fireman tried to resist, a sharp whack on the side of his head with his gun told him the outlaw meant business.

The train pulled a short distance from the depot and then the outlaw gave the order to halt. Engineer Helmsmun eased the train to a stop, then pushed the outlaw aside and darted off. Too late he saw the men on horses by the side of the track. The masked gunman inside the engine fired once and Engineer Al Helmsmun was dead, shot through the lung and heart.

In the express car, Jeff Milton was surprised by the stop and opened the door to find out what the delay



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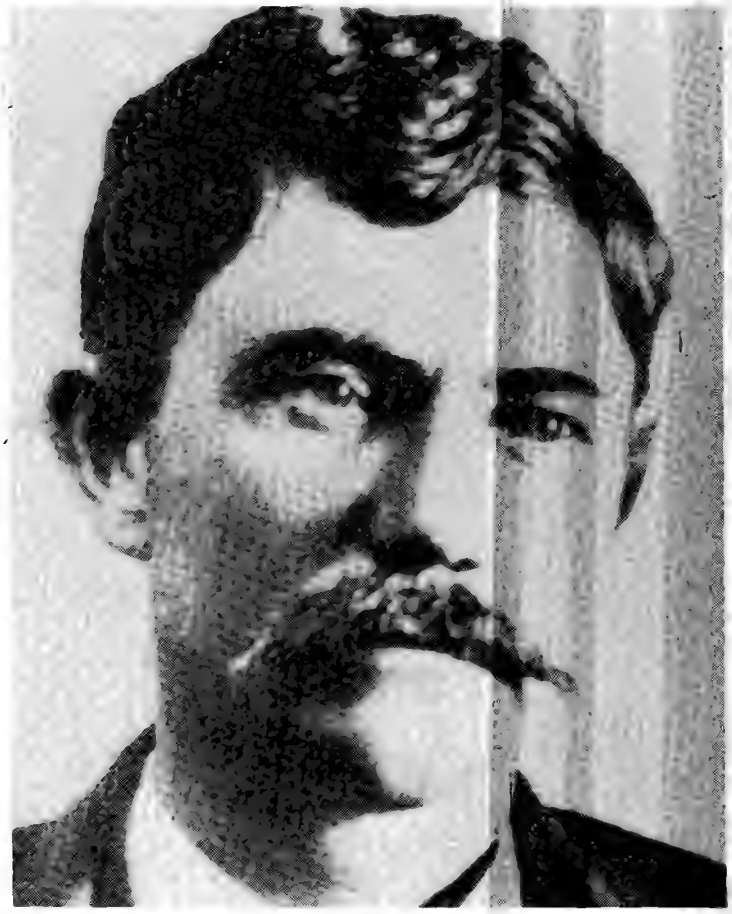
Matt Burts, train robber identified as pulling the robbery at Fairbanks. He was sent to Yuma prison and killed shortly after his release in November, 1925.



Bob Brown, also arrested after the hold-up. He dropped out of sight after his release from Yuma.

Express car partially wrecked after the bandits smashed their way in and wounded the express messenger.

was. Outside were several cowboys with guns drawn. For a moment Milton thought it must be a joke, then he heard the shot killing the engineer.

"Hands up!" came the stern order.

Too late, Jeff learned the cowboys meant business. Jeff attempted to slam the door of the express car closed as he shouted defiantly, "If you want what's in here, try and get it!"

In reply one of the bandits sent a slug at Jeff, the bullet striking him in the left arm above the elbow, shattering the bone. The shock knocked Jeff down and the shotgun flew from his grasp.

The leader of the robbers, later identified as John Patterson, alias John Dunlap, alias "Three-Fingered Jack," rushed the door, and was climbing into the car, when the indomitable Jeff seized his shotgun in his right hand and sent a charge of buckshot into Dunlap's chest. A cry of anguish escaped his lips as he tumbled back upon the station platform.

"Look out, boys, he got me!" cried the outlaw.

Jeff, almost knocked out from the pain of his wound, grabbed the safe keys and threw them back of some mail bags, then swooned.

When he came to Jeff found two of the bandits in the car. One of them placed a pistol to Jeff's head.

"Damn you, give me the keys to the safe, or I'll blow your head off!"

"Blow away, and be damned. I threw the keys into the brush, go find them if you can. There's no money in the safe anyway."

"Let's get the hell out of here. Reckon he's dying and telling the truth."

What the robbers were after was the army payroll due to arrive at Fort Hauchuca, but which had gone on before on a previous train. The same happened to Jesse James at Adair, Iowa. He also robbed the wrong train. All the robbery netted the men was a few dollars, a mighty high price for their troubles.

While two of the outlaws picked up Three-Fingered Jack and lugged him off, the others sent random shots along the train. When they reached their horses, the bandits fled, two of them supporting their leader in the saddle. Five men had taken part in the holdup; John Dunlap (real name John Patterson), Matt Burts, alias John Yost, alias "Bravo Juan," Bob Brown, and George and Lewis Owen.

In the express car, Jeff Milton presented a gory sight, and there was grave doubt that his life could be saved. After a hasty bandage job, he was rushed by special engine and caboose to Tucson.

The posse under Sheriff Scott took to the trail of the robbers, who had headed for the Dragoon Mountains. Early the next morning the manhunters came upon the body of Three-Fingered Jack, who had been left for the buzzards. Several days

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The Fairbanks station men — they saw the robbers approach, but thought they were just cowboys. They failed to turn in the alarm even after the train was halted. George Owen, a member of the gang was wounded in the chase and quickly caught.

later, Bob Brown and the two Owen brothers fell into the hands of the law. Bravo Juan had fled into old Mexico, where he later was arrested at Cananea.

In Tucson, Jeff Milton underwent an operation on his arm. Dr. Fenner removed the broken bones and skillfully joined the ends of the bones together with silver wires. The operation appeared a success when a week later the arm began to swell. Dr. Fenner, fearing blood poisoning, informed Milton that he would have to amputate the arm in order to save his life. Jeff flatly refused to allow it.

The next day, Frank M. King, an old friend of Milton, came to see him.

"Frank, I've got my sixshooter in my grip. Get it and put it under my pillow, sabe?" Frank King did as directed.

"Doc Fenner allows he's going to cut off my arm, Frank, and I aim to see he don't do it."

"Well, then what?"

"I'm going to make him ship me to San Francisco where old Doc Goodfellow can work on me. He done damn good work in Tombstone during the rip-roaring days. Frank took more lead out of humans than any doctor of his day. He's running a private hospital in San Francisco now."

When Dr. Fenner called shortly after, he saw the gun butt protruding from under the pillow on Jeff's bed.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded.

Jeff smiled.

"It means, doc, that you ain't going to cut my arm off. Instead you're going to send me to Frisco so Doc Goodfellow can fix me up pronto."

Dr. Fenner did not argue the point, but agreed, and the following day Jeff Milton was on his way. Jeff's faith in Dr. Goodfellow proved well founded. The doctor reopened the wound, reset the broken bones, and finally the injured member healed. Jeff got almost his normal use out of the arm they wanted to cut off, although it was a trifle shorter than the right one.

Jeff Milton later took a position with the United States Border Service as inspector, where he remained until 1932, then was retired from active service, and settled down on a nice mountain ranch in the Huachuca range. At his beautiful Sylvania Ranch, Jeff and his wife, Mildred, played hosts to numerous friends and hunting buddies. His investments in valuable mining properties had made him financially fixed for life.

Jeff's life was an interesting one indeed. At seventeen he was a Texas Ranger, later served as a sheriff, and in the 1880's was Chief of Police at El Paso, then one of the worst towns along the entire border. He was the first Arizona Ranger and later chief of that group. Jeff participated in the capture of the notorious outlaw, Bronco Bill in 1899, and later was a railroad detective and shotgun messenger.

Jeff later left his mountain home and became a resident of Tombstone, where he bought the former home of Edgar Axtell, owner of the JOB Cattle Ranch. In September of 1941, Jeff moved to Tucson, where he passed away on May 6, 1947, at the ripe old age of eighty-six.

Indeed, another era had passed!

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TUNNEL FIRE!

THE DAY THE WORST FEAR OF EVERY RAILROAD MAN CAME TRUE by Zoltan Malocsay

Engineer Bartholomew's hand flinched toward the brake, but he froze before touching it. It was too late now He could never stop the train in such a short distance . . .

It was October of 1872 in the mountains of Nevada. The gleaming brass-trimmed engine "Reno" was practically new and was pulling the V & T Through Express toward the American Flat tunnel. Bartholomew had just blown the whistle and had leaned out to watch the black tunnel loom ahead.

Too late, he'd seen it: swirls of dark smoke were curling out of the tunnel entrance! For a horrifying instant, he wondered if another train might be coming at him through that tunnel, but he told himself it couldn't be true. The Through Express was the only train on the track.

No time for braking now.

The "Reno" plunged into the smoking tunnel and Bartholomew saw where all that smoke was coming from. The timbers supporting the tunnel were on fire! Deeper in the mountain, the tunnel was blazing like the throat of a volcano.

Bartholomew grabbed the throttle and opened it wide — all the way. The train picked up speed and fanned the flames. Bartholomew got away from that cab window. Earth and cinders began to shower down, but that train streaked through, strewing rock and burning debris outside. Every car made it before the big falls began.

Later, the "Ormsby" was rushed to the scene with two volunteer fire brigades on flat cars. But they couldn't fight the blaze. It was completely out of control and had to burn itself out, leaving a caved-in tunnel.

It was two months before that bore could be used again. In the meantime, the Virginia & Truckee built a temporary line around the mountain, and some cars were taken over it by horsepower.

Not many frontier railroad men had to deal with tunnel fires: a little zinc on the timbers kept smokestack sparks from doing much harm. But other dangers were much more common. For building and running a railroad through the wilderness, across mountains and deserts and Indian country was a risky business at best. Rock slides, avalanches, powder explosions, train robberies, Indian raids, and all the risks that went with "pick handle justice" often turned the railroad business into high adventure in the old West.

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by Don Hedgpeth

Good Samaritan of the range country — a cowboy carries a lost calf to ranch headquarters.

COW COUNTRY WINTER

A PART OF THE COWBOY'S LIFE THAT THE HISTORY BOOKS NEVER MENTIONED

Winter time was always a season of slim pickin's for the old time cowhand. After the fall round-up was over, cattle had been shipped, or trailed to a winter range, activity around the open range spreads tapered off pronto. There just weren't very many jobs to be found in this off season in the cow country.

Most ranches kept on a skeleton crew of riders. One or two good hands could stay on at the headquarters and feed any cattle that had been kept up, and maybe ride the kinks out of a few colts to be turned in with the remuda in the spring. Too often though they found themselves choppin' kindling for the big house, or totin' water from the creek.

On the cold days when the north wind whistled through the chinks of the bunkhouse walls they would sit, smoke, mend their saddles, and tell lies about how good their top horses were. Much of the time on these really cold days they wouldn't talk at all, just sit listenin' to the wood crackle in the iron stove, studying the saddle catalog, and thinking about winters spent happy and warm when they were still kids at home with their family.

On the big outfits, where a sizable number of cattle were scattered on several different ranges, line riders were used during the winter. These men, alone or in pairs, were assigned a particular area of the ranch's country to ride every day, looking for sick cattle, early calves, wolves, or any of the other hundred troubles that could

Cow camp in the snow. at 17 degrees below freezing.

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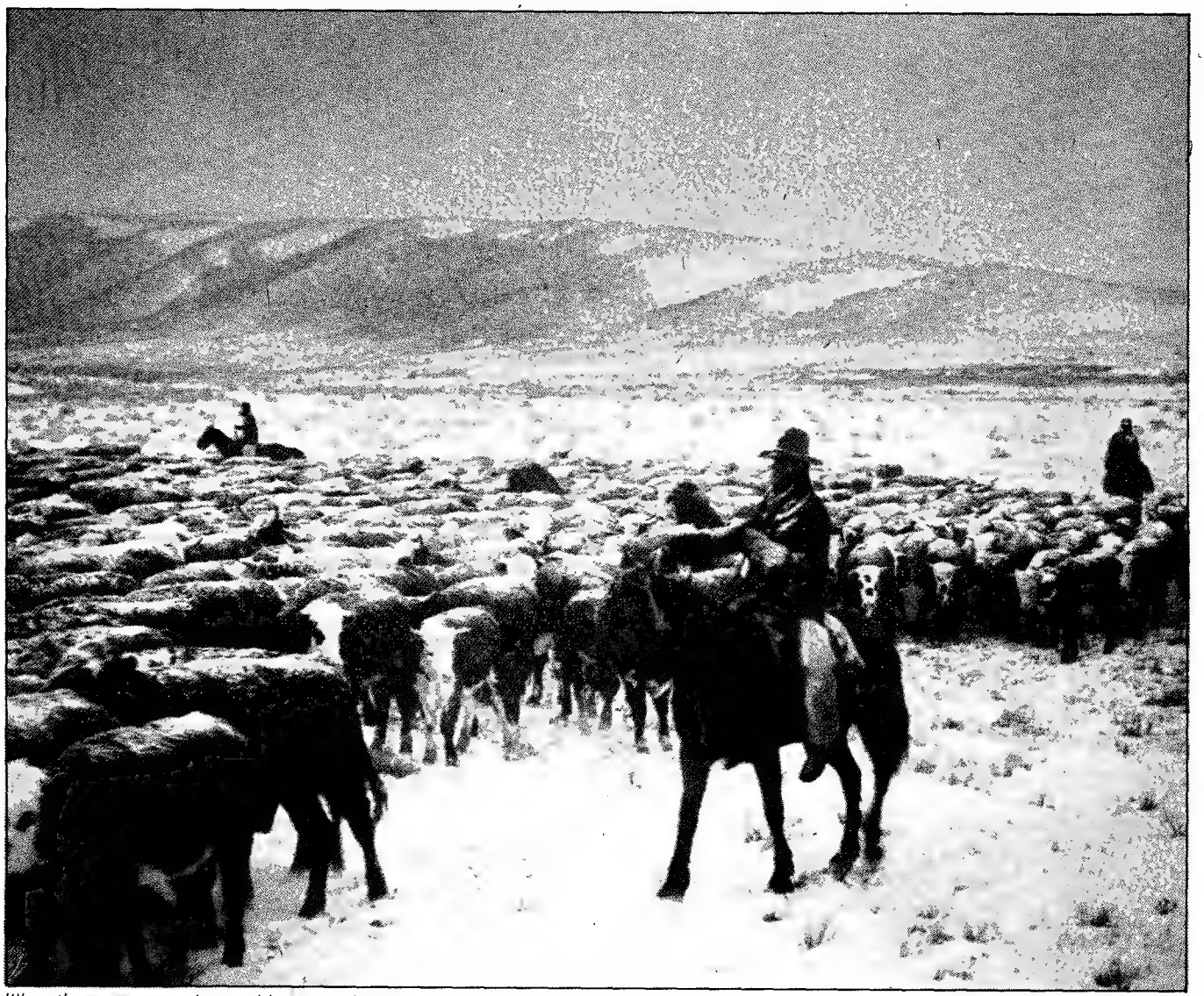

When the snow covered everything, even the cows – the worst storm in 23 years.

The long trail – playing papa to near frozen steers trapped in the high range, getting down below, fast.

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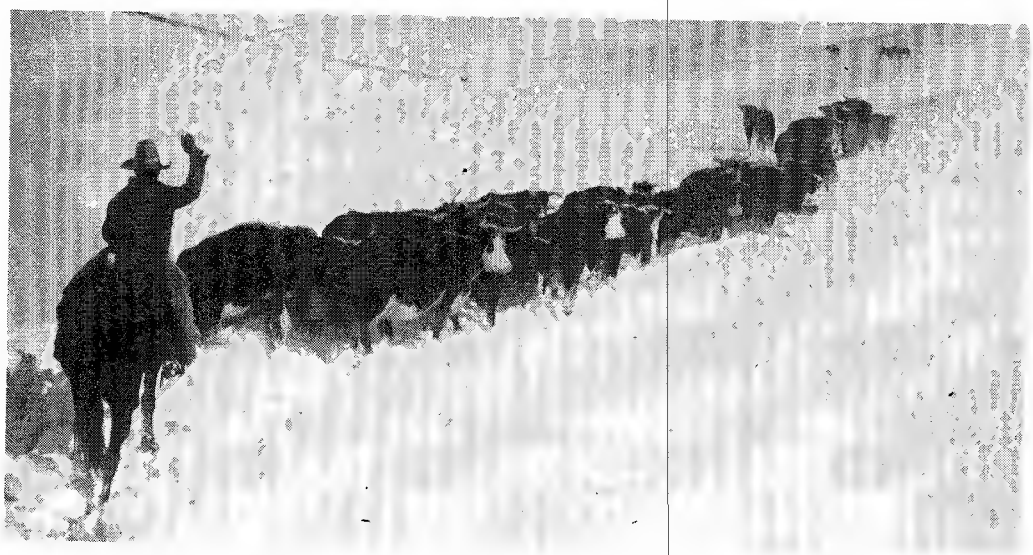
develop with cattle running on free grass.

The line riders generally packed in with several head of horses to a remote corner of the home range for the months of cold north wind and snow. They carried enough grub, cigarette makin's, and warm clothes to last them through the winter into their line camps on pack horses and generally didn't see the headquarters until the spring thaw.



"Move along little doggies. . . ." there's only cold and death where they've come from — only hope where they're going to.

A line rider working alone, riding from before dawn until after dark every day looking after the cattle cooking for himself on the wood stove and caring for his horses got plenty lonesome. When he stumbled into the cabin after an early winter darkness had fallen, after riding in the cold all day and tending to his horses when he got back, he would eat a bite of grub and taking off his boots and hat climb into a bed roll that never seemed to be warm enough.

It was in just such a setting as this, that Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist, drew his famous sketch "Last of the 5,000" which was meant as a report to the ranch owner on how poor the cattle were faring in the unusually tough winter of 1889. It was in the same kind of a line camp that one hand, a good man with a rope, tied a hondo in the end of a piece of string and for amusement set to roping the rats that shared the cabin and the grub with him during the long northern winter.

But most of the time there wasn't any need for diversions. Long cold hours in the saddle usually made a line rider ready for bed at the first chance he got. When he did have time to think about something besides the cattle, his horses, and his frost-bit ears, he thought about the other punchers he knew who had drawn their pay after the fall work and maybe moved out with the cattle being shipped aboard a train for the cities to the east. These boys, and the ones who elected to draw their wages and spend the winter in the western cow-towns, were sure envied by the line rider as he struggled through a deep snow bank, trying to tail up a fallen cow that would try to show her gratitude by eatin' him alive as soon as she got to her feet.

And the boys who spent the winter in town thought they were pretty smart for sure, for awhile. Hitting town at the end of the fall work with their pocket full of folding money, the world looked mighty rosy. After about a week or two of marathon drinking and playing, they woke up one morning in an alley with a powerful headache, a poor belly and clean pockets. And winter was just setting in.

If they were lucky, they might get a job of work at a ranch, but more likely they wound up as a swamper at a saloon or hotel, or maybe the livery stable. These jobs didn't fit these boys who had grown used to working off the back of a horse. On the long winter nights, when they bedded down in a straw strewn horse stall, or in the back room of a saloon, they thought about and envied the boys who had stayed on at the ranch and who were doing a job of work that befitted a range cattle man. The hands who wintered in town even got to the point often where they had to sell their saddle and their own good horse just to get by in the alien surroundings until spring. Then they would have to show up, afoot and pitiful looking, begging a job and a saddle and horse to do it with.

There were a few boys who were smart enough to tuck their full pay into the toe of their boot, turn their personal horses out on the company grass, and grab a train for their home country. It was mighty pleasant seeing all the home-folks, buying candy for the kids, and spending Christmas like they had before they had run off to become cowboys.

But these boys also got to thinking about the feel of a good horse under them and the time they had spent along the trails in the range country. It seemed like they just ran dry of things to talk about with their folks. Helping around the farm got old real quick to a cowpuncher, and maybe made a man remember why he had run off in the first place.

The thing was that winter in the open range days was just not a cowboy's time of year. It didn't make any difference if he was riding line, trying to get by in town, or visiting at home. He always got to yearning for the noise of bunched cattle, or the snort of a bronc on a cool morning. He missed the wild action of working cattle from the back of a half-broke colt, and even the taste of trail dust and the smell of burning hair around the branding fire. And even though the old cowboy was a solitary lot and probably wouldn't admit it, he missed the others like himself, the men who measured another's worth by his ability with a horse and a rope.

Spring would finally put in an appearance, and as sure as a migration of birds, the cowboys began to line out for the headquarters of the outfits in cow country. There was a passle of lies told about how each hand had wintered and how they sure hated the idea of fighting mean cattle and bad horses and Putting up with one another until next winter. But the men's spirits were high and they were ready for a long season of hard work. Most of them realized that they had wintered poorly and they were proud to be back doing what they knew as a man's work.

Nothing changed very much though. By the time next fall's work was done the very same boys that had sworn they had learned their lesson last winter would be headed for the same brand of trouble. These were men who had cowboy in their blood. They were meant to be around cattle and horses. When they were not, they were out of the natural element, and their minds were not likely to be at rest until they were horse-back again and dabbin' a loop on a bunch-quittin' old steer. The open range cowpuncher had a taste of genuine life, and while it lasted, he savored every bit of it.

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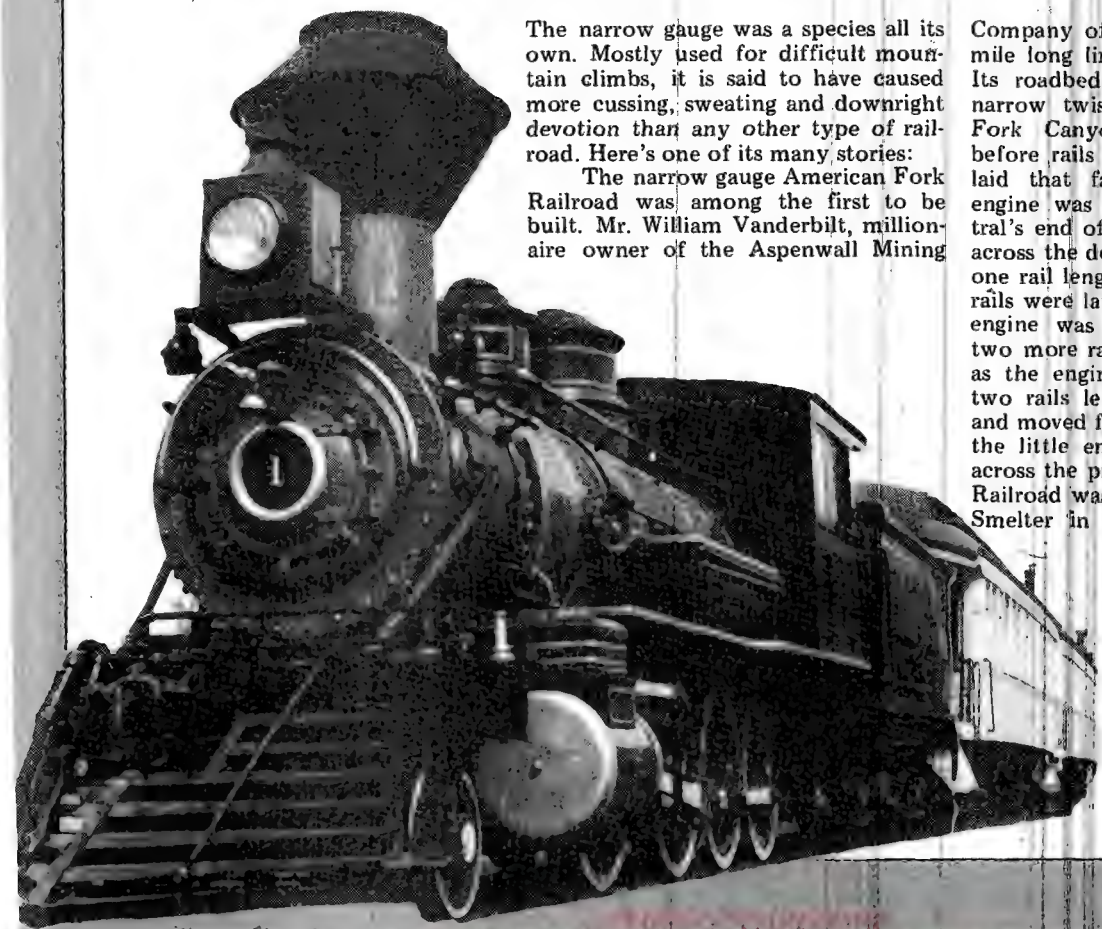
Captain of the rails — this cigar smoking engineer crossedand nursed his narrow gauge over many difficult passes.

by Wil Dorfman

Narrow Guage Splendour

THEY THOUGHT SHE WAS A BEAUT WHEN THE ONLY ENERGY WAS STEAM



The narrow gauge was a species all its own. Mostly used for difficult mountain climbs, it is said to have caused more cussing, sweating and downright devotion than any other type of railroad. Here's one of its many stories:

The narrow gauge American Fork Railroad was among the first to be built. Mr. William Vanderbilt, millionaire owner of the Aspenwall Mining Company of New York, built the 23 mile long line at a cost of $400,000. Its roadbed was being built up the narrow twisting depths of American Fork Canyon to Forest City even before rails of the Utah Central were laid that far south. Its shiny new engine was hauled to the Utah Central's end of line and was then moved across the desert floor to its own grade one rail length at a time. Two parallel rails were laid side by side, and as the engine was slowly moved over them, two more rails were laid ahead. Then, as the engine moved onto them, the two rails left behind were picked up and moved forward. Step by slow step, the little engine leap-frogged its way across the prairie. The American Fork Railroad was completed to the Sultana Smelter in November, 1872.

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THE GIANT WHO WROTE "THE SEA WOLF" AND "CALL OF THE WILD" NEVER WOKE TO SEE HIS PALACE FINISHED

The Night Jack London Died

by Leo Rosenhouse

JUST prior to midnight on the very hot evening of August 22, 1913, America's most famous writer and adventurer, Jack London, took a few minutes from his desk on his vast ranch in California's Valley of the Moon, located in Sonoma at Glen Ellen, to make one final inspection of his beloved Wolf House, a massive 26 room structure he was having built of redwood with lava rock on his 129 acre retreat.

It was virtually completed, and the house had cost him a lifetime of savings, more than $81,000, a very great sum in those years, London, a meticulous and hard worker, was angered when he discovered careless workmen, hired to make a final rub-down of the polished redwood walls of his sparkling new home, had dumped waste soaked with polish and turpentine into a heap in a bedroom. There was also some large collections of wood chips and shavings where carpenters had done some last minute trimming of doors with their planes, and the scrap reeked of solvent which had been emptied onto the debris. The workmen had intentions of taking all this inflammable material outside to burn it, but had gone off-duty, forgetting this final task.

"Hell!" roared London in a fit of rage. "Don't those fools know spontaneous combustion can occur on such a hot night as this when there isn't any breeze?"

He was discussing the situation with one of his ranch foreman, and together, the two went from room to room, collecting waste and anything else they thought could possibly set off a fire.

Satisfied, Jack London, who, at the time, was earning more money than any other adventure writer in the nation — at least $75,000 annually, but spending every penny of it as he went along, decided he could go to bed. In the morning, he and his wife Charmian would move into their dream castle. Much of the furniture to fill the house had already arrived and was stacked and covered just outside the entrance to the Wolf House, which is what London had titled his new mansion.

Asleep only a few minutes, London was awakened by shouts from his ranch crew and by the noise of crackling flames. He had been in bed in a tiny cabin, also serving as his writing retreat, and was only a few hundred feet away from the Wolf House, but he could feel the searing heat from where he was.

In utter desperation, he watched helplessly as the Wolf House went up in a raging inferno, burning to a shell of volcanic rock in less than two hours. There wasn't enough water on the ranch to tackle such a fire, and when it was over, Jack London, tasted a sense of defeat and depression he had never before experienced. Although he said promptly he would rebuild his home, he never did, and the shock of the spectacular fire and the

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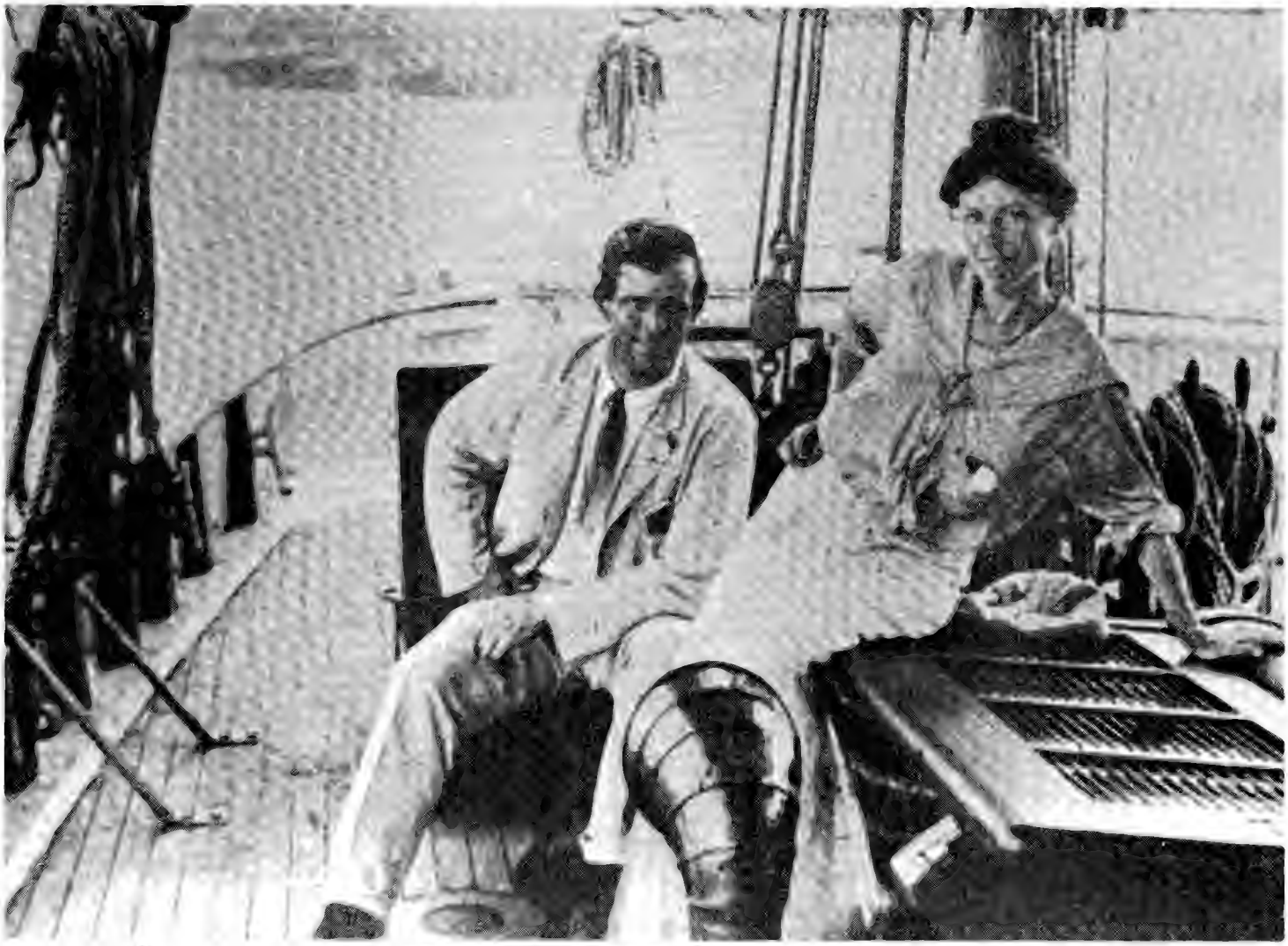
Photo's courtesy of author.



mystery surrounding it was to haunt him for more than three years and likely contributed to his untimely death at the age of 40.

He was a giant on the literary scene, but had had to fight his way up in the publishing field, and seemed confronted by too many tragic episodes that only a strong man could overcome, but London was more than just strong . . . he was solid determination!

Born in San Francisco on January 12, 1876, London grew up around the Bay area, spending most of his youth in Oakland. At the age of twenty, after plenty of experience as a roustabout, a sailor, and a prospector seeking gold, the true wealth was to come from his story-rich mind. Jack London had a decision to make on his twentieth birthday. He had passed an examination to become a postal clerk which would earn him just enough to avoid starvation and help his family have food and shelter, for they had gone through some hardships of the Depression years at the turn of the century.

But there was this wonderful note from the San Francisco Examiner, saying he was to receive ten dollars for an article he had sent them and which was accepted with a request for more!

Jack london — the brilliant writer whose life was a tragedy. He was known as a ladies man. Above he is shown with his second wife, Charmian.

This was taken before the disastrous fire that ruined his home and health.

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It was the first turning point, and London made up his mind he would rather be a writer and take chances with hunger. The trials were many, and London went several weeks without earning a penny from his writings until the then Overland Monthly began to accept his work, but paid at one penny per ten works — hardly enough to live on even if one wrote 15 hours a day and sold every word. Jack London was putting that many hours into writing. He was also spending much time visiting pawn shops, hocking all his possessions and then redeeming them when another story sale was accomplished.

When he started to write of his adventures in Alaska as a sourdough, the magazines began to take notice, and he was on his way as an established writer, earning enough to think of marriage, and his first was to Bessie Maddern who bore him two daughters. The marriage failed in 1905 when his wife divorced him after two years of separation and she gained custody of his children.

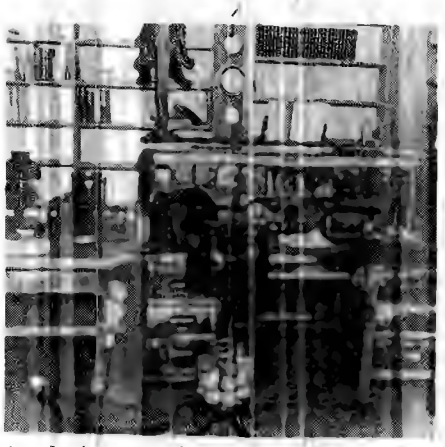
In 1906, again married, but now to Charmain Kittredge, and gaining literary fame because important Eastern magazines like the Atlantic Monthly were buying from him steadily, and some of his books like "The Call of the Wild" and "The Sea Wolf" had become sensational publications and best sellers, Jack London decided to take a break from his grueling output of a minimum of 1500 words per day which he first wrote in longhand, and in his later years, on the typewriter; he would build himself a swift boat and sail the world with his wife.

Calling his ketch *The Snark*, it was 40 feet in length when completed, and was to serve as a honeymoon vessel, but the journey on it got off to a bad start. London was heavily in debt when he sailed out of San Francisco in The Snark. It was to have cost not more than $10,000, but ended up going beyond $30,000 in price, mostly due to careless workmanship which had to be redone over and over. To own this little vessel, London borrowed from his publishers and a few friends, and he was never out of debt after that!

Selecting his crew, London chose Martin Johnson to go with him, and Johnson was to later earn fame of his own as an African explorer. He had a few others on board, but after a couple of days on the Pacific Ocean, calm as it was at the time for April in 1907, London wished he had chosen his crew with more care. Only Johnson proved to be an able sailor, and the others were too seasick to be of much help.

When The Snark finally made it to Honolulu, London changed his crew around and made extensive repairs to his vessel. While he was royally entertained, Jack London was a man sensitive to the problems of the underdog,

Jack London rides one of his horses on his ranch at Glen Ellen in California.



London's writing desk and ancient dictaphone used to transcribe stories.

The remains of Jack London's Wolf House today — visitors are allowed in.

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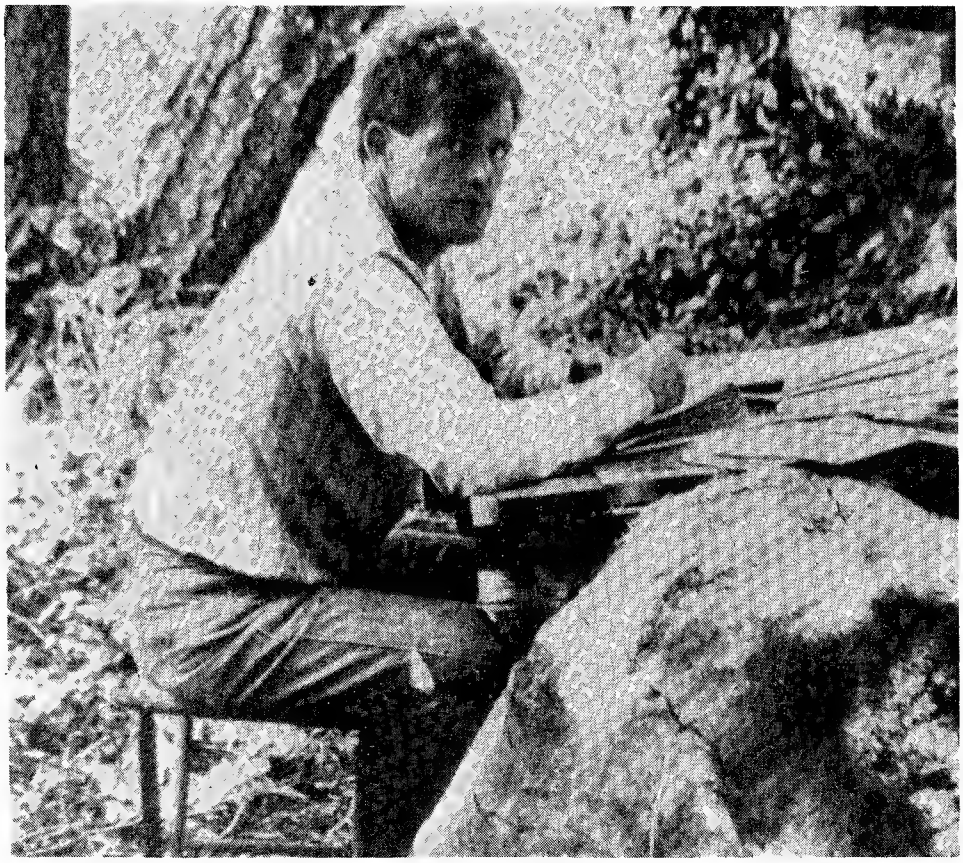

The writer at work creating stories that thrilled Americans for 20 years. Some say it was the effort of writing so much that eventually forced his collapse.

and he made it his business to visit the leper colony on the Island of Molokai. He had not only wanted to write about this dreaded place, taboo to all visitors, except medical personnel and missionaries, but he had heard the lepers were anxious to see him and tell their side of a story of unjust isolation.

London visited and listened, even though friends warned him about the dangers of exposure to leprosy, then the most hated scourge of the world, and a disease about which there was more fear and superstition than any other plague since the Black Death of the Middle Ages.

London wrote "The Lepers of Molokai," describing his stay on that forbidden island, and it was well received. To make some desperately needed cash, he also wrote about surfing which sports magazines eagerly accepted.

By now, London was enjoying his boat, and the close companionship of his wife who proved as able a sailor as any man. He also relied on the ability of Martin Johnson to get the vessel through storms and high seas.

Crossing from Hawaii to the Marquesas Islands, the only ketch to ever complete so long a journey, he met head-hunters and had some serious encounters with unfriendly natives, risking his life to study their social customs so he could later write books about them.

On his return journey to Honolulu, he was at first elated to find that during his absence, some of his books and articles had sold so well in the United States and Europe as to bring him an accumulation of many thousands of dollars, but on arrival in San Francisco, London had a serious financial set-back!

He had made the error of giving a woman he trusted, to not only be his business manager during his journey across the Pacific, but to have power of attorney for him, and she had apparently wasted most of his earnings visiting dozens of doctors for numerous illnesses, paying heavy bills with London's money.

Jack London had already made a down payment for his ranch at Glen Ellen, north of San Francisco, and his female manager had furnished it poorly but in extravagance.

Now, finishing an important book which he called "Martin Eden," London had to borrow again from his publishers to pay off debtors. He was then thirty-one years old, with a record of twenty books having been published, and nearly half were best sellers, but London was on the verge of bankruptcy. The only thing to do was to sell off some possessions and hit the typewriter hard and turn out more successes.

His writings about the adventures concerning The Snark were anxiously received and won acclaim. People loved to gobble up his tellings of encounters with the Solomon head-hunters, and the lavish receptions he received from island chiefs in the Fijis. There were also some hair-raising tales about near sinkings of his vessel. While London knew he wasn't writing great pieces of literature, he was filling a void in the lives of readers, and it brought good money.

Knowing that he had become the country's most popular writer was pleasing to London. He didn't want to be just a money making hack. He wanted to give the world the best he could offer in modern literature, and the place to do this was at his ranch retreat where he could get away from the crowds and the visitors who continuously interrupted him.

By now, London was a man with many problems, and his condition of health had become a major concern. He had contracted Yaws in the South Seas as well as malaria, and was suffering from recurrent fevers and weakness of his limbs.

As he wrote vividly of a true attack by cannibals who came at him with poisoned arrows on one of the forgotten Fiji Islands, London wondered if he could write yet another chapter of his hair raising adventures?

He had acquired a strange illness which took him to Australia, in search of medical treatment while sailing The Snark. It was a type of photophobia in which London seemingly went blind whenever he ventured into the bright sunshine of the islands, and this ailment hung on long after he sold his ship and settled down on his ranch. He had become sensitive to ultra-violet rays from the sun after so much open exposure at sea, and now had to be certain he avoided too much bright daylight, else his eyes blurred and it was impossible to write. Besides, the situation frightened him with the thought that he might someday soon go blind.

Another of his problems was his unusual generosity. He never refused a request for money. Down and out writers constantly showed up at his ranch, and pan handled him, so he ended up building a number of guest houses which were always filled with riff raff who sponged off of London's earnings as a top writer, and envied his ability to write so well that he could support a large retinue.

It was 1909, and London was finding his way into prestige publications like the Saturday Evening Post where he had become a regular contributor. Now publishers were coming to him asking for his works. He had reached the top! No other writer could command as much money for a book or article, nor were any quite as talented as was London.

Such books as White Fang, Martin Eden, and The Iron Heel were big hits, and London's nimble and agile mind, now working at an imaginative peak, was in high gear all the way!

He decided to buy more land around his ranch which wiped him clean of savings, and he acquired many handsome stallions, having a real fondness for horses.

Continued on page 60

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BILL DOOLIN'S Bold Hold-Up

They Picked On
The Texas Fast Express
BECAUSE
It Had U.S. Marshalls Aboard!

by Craig Winfield

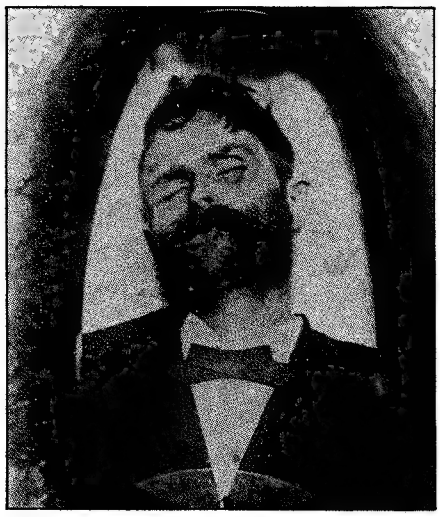
On April 22, 1889, a pistol shot was fired that echoed throughout the Southwest, for it was the signal that the fertile lands of the vast Oklahoma Territory were opened to a screaming, racing, landhungry line of thousands of immigrants. And it was also from this land rush that brought into being the many outlaws who infested the area, namely the Daltons and Bill Doolin and his crowd.

Bill Doolin was not the vicious killer as many outlaws of the day; he was a deliberate, calculating man, accurate with the sixgun and the rifle, but not a fast draw and trick artist as many would have us believe. He was a man with many friends . . . and many enemies . . . a man whose exploits in the robbing field were so numerous and so expertly done that United States Marshal Grimes and his men were determined to rid the Territory of him and his kind.

For a long time, Bill Doolin worked at the Bar X Bar Ranch, as well as the Turkey Track ranch. It was while working at the Halsell ranch that Doolin became acquainted with such young men as Bill Powers, Dick Broadwell, Bitter Creek Newcomb, and several of the Dalton brothers. And, like many of the young men of the day, he made extra money by selling whiskey to the Indians. One thing led to another and soon Bill Doolin was riding with others of his kind, chiefly the Daltons.

An interesting facet of the gang's operations was that they had their special "Trademark." In every train robbery attempted by the gang, they disclosed three acts which branded the incident as having been committed by the Dalton-Doolin faction.

First, the forcing of the door of the express car had been done by the fireman of the ill-dated train under compulsion of the guns placed at his head, a fact made known to the messenger within which made him hesitate to shoot from fear of hitting the member of the train crew.



Bill Doolin in coffin with glass lid.

Early sweetheart of Bill Doolin.

Second, no attempt was made to go through the coaches and relieve the passengers of their money and jewels.

Third, upon leaving the scene of their exploit, volleys were fired at the passenger cars, evidently with the intention of discouraging pursuit, but with a terrible disregard for the taking of human life, as the guns were aimed at the wooden sides of the coaches instead of the windows, roofs or in the air.

Several days prior to their next robbery which occurred on May 8, 1891, Doolin and Bob Dalton learned that the train which was to pass through Wharton that evening was carrying several deputy marshals, or at least their information pipeline had told them so. As it turned out, however, only one officer was aboard.

At six o'clock on the 8th, the bandits, Bob and Emmett Dalton, Bill Doolin, and Charlie Bryant rode from their camp on Red Rock Creek toward the train station several miles distant. At nine-thirty the outlaws drew rein at their destination.

They had no fear of discovery, for in the hamlet were scarce a dozen inhabitants, all told, and only three buildings, one of which was a general store and post office. There was a Wells Fargo Express Company in the small station, however, due to the business which was generated by the cattle and horse ranches in the area.

Tying their horses at the rail behind the building by the tracks, the bandits dismounted. Hurriedly, placing a black cloth mask over his face and pulling his hat down over his eyes, Bob Dalton crept into the station.

The agent was alone. Covering the elderly man with his rifle, the outlaw called out, "Go out and set the signal for No. 403 to stop."

"The train won't stop here," said the frightened man.

"We know it pulls through at 10:13 and it will stop if you signal it, now get going," replied Bob, raising his rifle menacingly.

Photos supplied by author - illustration by Jim Daly

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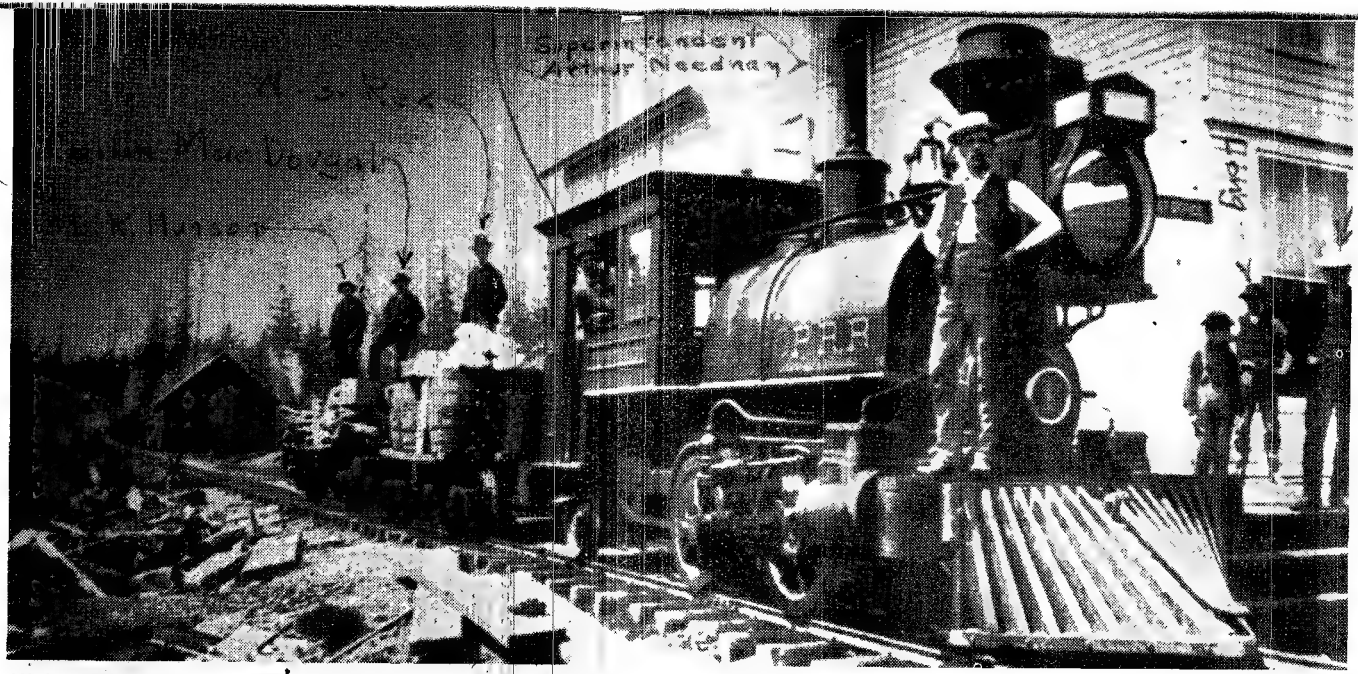

Mining train that hauled gold to station. By watching this train, Doolin knew when to pull his hold-ups.

But the frightened agent needed no further urging.

The agent placed his red lantern in its proper bracket; then returned to the building, where he was quickly bound and gagged.

While Bob was so engaged, the other three robbers had made a tour of the store and two houses and found everything quiet. Returning to the station, they found Bob cutting the telegraph wires, as always was done, and after assisting him, all four untied their horses and led them to the woods, a quarter of a mile away.

There was still fifteen minutes before the train was due and these they passed in examining their rifles and revolvers and Emmett, Doolin, and Bryant put on their masks.

At last, the headlight of the Texas Fast Express on the Santa Fe route appeared, the engineer saw the red lantern, tooted his whistle as a signal to the conductor and crew that the train was to stop, and set his brakes.

As the heavy wheels slid over the rails, the four outlaws sprang from the end of the station where they had hidden. Apparently the robbers were as intent on locating the officer as they were in robbing the train. Some reports claimed that Deputy United States Marshal Chris Madsen had been aboard the train; others said it was a man named Payne. In any event, his account was given as follows.

"I was asleep in my berth in the last car on the train, having retired early, as I was completely used up by my work of the preceding week. I was dreaming of my cheerful home and comfortable bed I should reach in a few hours, when I was awakened by a sudden jerk and knew the train was slowing down to stop.

"At first I thought nothing of it. Then I realized that the Texas Fast Express very rarely stopped between Arkansas City and Guthrie and the memory of the Daltons and Bill Doolin flashed through my mind. In an instant, I was at the window to see what was up.

"While I was thus engaged, two shots rang out. I knew then the train had been held up, presumably by my enemies.

"Not caring to let them pump my carcass full of lead, I sprang to the floor, ran to the rear platform, jumped to the ground and hid in some bushes.

"To my good fortune in having chosen a berth in the last car, I undoubtedly owe my life.

"From my place of concealment, I could hear the loud shouts and frightful curses of two of the bandits as they rushed the cars hunting for me. But they soon gave up their search, probably because Conductor McTaggart swore by all that was good and holy, and with admirable coolheadedness, by the way, that I nor any other marshal was not on the train and could not, therefore, leave Wichita till the next morning.

"Apparently satisfied, the two bandits rejoined their companions. I was told later that they had forced the fireman to leave the engine, and batter down the door of the express car with his coal pick, though they did not afterwards shoot him down in cold blood as they had to others in the past.

But the messenger was not quick witted and was forced to open the safe. The robbers seized a package containing $1,600 but in their haste failed to discover a sack which held $5,000. Their booty secured, the outlaws jumped from the car, fired some shots at the coaches, and darted off.

"As they went, they passed within a few yards of me. But though I had my Colt with me, I did not shoot at them. The moon made the place as bright as day, and I knew that even if I winged one or more of them, I would not stand a chance of survival against four crack shots.

"The whole affair had not taken more than half an hour. After I had seen the desperadoes disappear, I soon heard the beat of their horses' hoofs, but at the same moment I heard the brakes on the train released, and before I could gain it, it had gotten under way.

"Rushing to the station, I released the terrified agent. In a short time we had repaired the telegraph wires, and I had him send a concise account of the holdup to Wichita.

"Also, I had him send a request for men and horses to join me at Orlando, the next station, where the agent told me there were some two hundred inhabitants. When I reached there, I roused some of the people and soon an armed posse was on the march.

"At daybreak, a carload of horses and men reached the town, and from them I selected several whom I knew to be trusted, and we set out on the trail of the bandits, a chase by the way, which lasted six weeks and ended in the death of one of my posse and also one of the outlaws."

Meanwhile the sudden fame of the Daltons and Bill Doolin mushroomed. Barflies bragged that they knew the notorious gunman; women threatened unruly children in the name of the outlaws; hardware stores had a boom on ammunition and guns, and newspapers daily carried their names in headlines. The daring outlaws did their best to provide the news media with plenty of material.

Bill Doolin thought robbing the train at Red Rock would be a good idea; the others quickly agreed. To make the idea more of a novelty it was decided to rob the same train as they had robbed at Wharton. And like Wharton, Red Rock contained only a very few houses and was of importance only as a shipping point for the stock raisers. And it was only twenty-six miles from Wharton.

The Texas Fast Express was scheduled to pass that station at 9:40

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Wild Bill Carlisle (top photo), the young outlaw who was so polite, he wouldn't rob from ladies and gave money back to poor people he found on trains. Below are the deputies who arrested him — he was sentenced to life.

HE JUST COULDN'T GET ALONG WITH OTHER THIEVES, SO HE DID IT ALL HIMSELF!

The One Man Railroad Robber

by Gene Smetternik

"After working for a time with the horse-stealing Skelton brothers back in 1906, rustling horses and selling them in Canada, I learned one thing," said Bill Carlisle, "and that was to work alone. It seemed that every time I tried working with anybody I got the worst of the deal in the end."

Still in his teens at the time, Bill lived up to this code the rest of his train-robbing days. After the Skelton bunch had been disbanded by continual pressure from determined lawmen, young Bill traveled to Wyoming to find his fortune.

Who was this outlaw, Bill Carlisle, whose name became synonmous with bold train robbery many years ago, and still symbolizes this art today? It seemed clear that Bill possessed the attributes of courage, boldness, manliness, and especially politeness. He never took money from women or children; was always kind and soft-spoken, to such an extent that he was dubbed the "Gentleman Bandit" or "The Ladies-Man Outlaw."

Bill Carlisle was born in Chester, Pennsylvania on May 4, 1890, not under that name, a fact that I do not believe has been published before. Like Harry Tracy, whose full name ended in Severns, and who did not wish to blemish the family name, so it was with young Bill. Bill's real name was William L. Cottrell. His mother died when he was only nine months old, Bill being the youngest of five children. His father had been injured in the Civil War and was unable to work, so there was not enough income to keep the family together. In order to buy the staples of life, the children would pick up coal from the railroad yards and sell it; also to use it to heat their desolate home.

Bill spent much of his early days in several orphanages, places he hated and from which he managed to run away whenever the chance presented itself. Somehow the family was brought together again in Maryland, but the domestic problems were still

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Bill Carlisle shows his gun to Fred Mazzulla of Denver in 1961. Carlisle was released from prison after some of his victims came to his aid. Below in an extremely rare photo he is shown standing by an engine before he took up a life of crime.

there. Before coming West, young Bill had been active in juvenile delinquency by stealing whenever he could, whatever he could, to keep his family going. He finally left home, hopped a freight train, and landed somewhere in Montana, later teaming up with the Skelton boys.

In 1910 Carlisle was active in the Francisco I. Madero revolution which raged in Mexico and often close to the Texas border. There he found gun-running for the Mexicans a profitable business. After Madero's attempt to unseat President Diaz was successful and he had proclaimed himself provisional president of Mexico, Carlisle felt that gun-running no longer would be profitable. He once said that he met General Pancho Villa and was much impressed with the guerrilla fighter.

Bill hopped from one job to another, seldom remaining more than several months in one place. He admitted later that he had visited forty states before he was out of his teens. For a time he worked at the Smith ranch in Johnson County, Wyoming; then kept moving around the country from one job to another. Cold, penniless, and friendless Bill reached Denver, Colorado in February of 1916. His last job had been on the railroad. However, Bill was not physically able to handle the rough labor at the time so he was dismissed.

Bitter with resentment Carlisle came to Denver, ready for almost anything. It is to be wondered whether or not he would have become a train robber had not the *Denver Post* been trying to increase their circulation by giving away toy pistols filled with candy to prospective subscribers.

"You look beat, kid," said the kindly newsstand attendant.

"Yep, been a long time since I had enough food and enough clothing."

"I'll bet even the candy in those toy guns would be of some help, eh?" suggested the man.

"Right."

At that time an elderly man walked up to purchase a newspaper. After paying for the paper, he declined the toy gun, remarking that he was too old to eat candy and didn't have any grandchildren who could.

"Well, I've so many papers and so many guns. If you don't want your candy gun I'll give it to that young man over there."

"All right with me."

Bill Carlisle, now twenty-five, felt foolish taking the candy but it was better than nothing at all. In desperation he eyed the glass gun . . . it gave him an idea. Why not? If he got caught robbing a train he would at least have a place to live and to eat.

On the night of February 9, 1916, Bill leaped upon the observation platform of the Union Pacific train as it stopped briefly at one of the Denver stations. Somewhere between Rock Springs and Green River he stepped into the smoker, displayed his "gun" and demanded that all the male passengers place their money in his hat. He ordered the porter to "pass the hat" and collected the grand sum of about $52.00. As train No. 18 slowed down to round a dangerous curve Bill leaped to safety.

The die had been cast! The robbery of the Oregon-Washington Limited created a nationwide sensation. Immediately the newspapers covered the story with fantastic reports, even comparing the robbery with that of the Jameses and the Daltons. Much of what was reported was a farce.

On April 4, 1916, the lone bandit struck the Union Pacific again . . . this time it was the No. 1 train near Corlett Junction, the crack Overland Limited. By now reward posters offering $1500 for the polite bandit, dead or alive, had been distributed by the thousands. And even though heavily armed posses had combed the mountains and known outlaw hideouts, nothing was found concerning the polite and cautious robber.

The April robbery carried out just west of Cheyenne bore the trademark of the white-masked bandit. Without too much trouble, Bill had swung abroad the rear observation platform of the Limited, walked quietly to the observation coach, there announcing his presence.

"My God!" cried one woman. "The white masked bandit again."

"Don't worry, madam, I never rob women, nor have I ever shot anyone. I might add, though, that this is a real pistol, not like the fake one I used last time."

Continued on next page

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So it was. In that robbery Carlisle carried a .41 calibre Colt, which he later presented to his friend and benefactor, Fred Mazzulla of Denver, Colorado, and, who, I might add, is a good friend of mine.

This time Bill collected the money himself. Walking up and down the aisle of the car he told the male passengers to toss their money and valuables into the extended hat. Again, thy loot was small, netting only around $500.

After this robbery the reward for the capture of the lone bandit rose to $5,600. It was a start. Although the rewards never came close to what was offered for other famous bandits, Bill thought that was a fair amount for the little trouble he was causing the Union Pacific.

One thing bothered him after that holdup, however. He had read in the Denver paper that several vagrants had been arrested and charged with the robbery. There was only one thing he could do. Bill sent a letter to the editor stating that he was the guilty party; identifying himself and also announcing that he would rob a specific train on a specific date.

Special groups of lawmen had tried to track the wily bandit down, to no avail. They tracked not only Carlisle but other train robbers of note, such as Black Jack Ketchum.

True to his word, Bill leaped unseen aboard the Union Pacific No. 21 train as it slowed down near Hanna, a short distance from Edson Tunnel on April 28, 1916. Looking over the situation, he saw a guard near the door of the observation car. Silently he stole up to the guard, jabbed a pistol into his back, and compelled him to relieve the passengers of their money. Again, the women passengers were not molested. The loot amounted to about $400, another small haul indeed. During this robbery Bill used a .38 calibre Smith & Wesson double action, serial 82304, now in possession of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

Bill's last exploit against the railroad caused the indignant officials to raise the reward money to $11,000. But it was the hand of Fate that caused Carlisle to be caught.

In leaping from the train after the Hanna robbery Carlisle turned his ankle in the loose gravel, causing his progress to be very slow. The day after the robbery Bill was arrested as he made his way along the Platte River. His arraignment and indictment came fast, the law wanted this man behind bars quickly and permanently. Train robbery carried harsh penalties in those days, especially in the Western states, even up to death on the gallows.

On May 10, 1916, the gentleman outlaw stood before the judge in Cheyenne, listening to the terrible words: "sentenced to life imprisonment in the State Penitentiary at Rawlins." Indeed, it was a terrible price to pay for robbing train passengers of just over a thousand dollars in a life of crime that lasted only several months.

"I think it is an unfair sentence," commented Bill. "There are others who have killed people or rustled cattle; yet they are serving much lesser terms than I have been given."

Black Jack Thomas Ketchum said the same thing when they hanged him at Clayton, New Mexico in 1901 . . . his crime, train robbery.

Insofar as the reward money was concerned, it is said that only about $6,000 of it was paid to the men who captured Bill Carlisle.

Bill became a model prisoner at the prison. He received many sympathic letters from all over the country, letters which were to bear fruit in the decision of Governor Carey to commute Bill's sentence to 25 to 50 years. Even the newspapers championed his cause; women wrote the editors claiming that Carlisle was more of a gentleman than the men who pursued him. And, as in other instances dealing with outlaws of the old West, the activities of Carlisle were blown entirely out of proportion, mostly for the reading enjoyment of the eastern thrill-seekers.

The book on Bill Carlisle was closed, everyone figured, but that was a mistake. After serving three and a half years Bill managed to escape from Rawlins with the aid of his convict friends who placed him in a crate of work clothes and shipped him out of the prison walls with the rest of the laundry crates. Everyone thought that he would head for Mexico, where he was fairly well acquainted and knew many hiding places, but apparently Bill wanted to harrass the Union Pacific just one more time. He was pressing his luck.

On November 18, 1919, Bill robbed Train No. 19 of the Union Pacific, the Los Angeles Limited, near Rock Spring, Wyoming, between Rock River and Laramie. The gentle outlaw politely asked all male passengers to dump their valuables into his Fedora, no questions asked. The haul was a small one, netting Bill about $75, but in some quarters the amount was given as $330.

In jumping from the train, Bill was wounded in the right hand by an alert officer aboard the train. For five days the special Rangers and a larger posse tracked through the snow and freezing weather in an effort to locate the robber-escaped convict. At the end of the fifth day Carlisle was found in a deserted cabin in the Laramie Peaks, about a mile south of Esterbrook. Sheriff A.S. Roach of Platte County ordered the cornered outlaw to throw up his hands. It was difficult for him to do so due to his wounded hand. But he tried . . . the pain was so intense that he dropped his right hand in agony. This movement caused the sheriff to believe Bill was reaching for a weapon. A quick shot and Bill was wounded in the right lung. In the posse which captured Bill were John C. Gale and C.B. Irwin, two officers of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Badly wounded, it was thought that Bill would soon die, but he did not. Taken back to Rawlins he was treated by the prison doctors, remaining in the hospital there for some time. During that time he made the acquaintance of Rev. Gerard Schellinger, paster of the Rawlins Catholic Church and the prison chaplin. Like Captain Bronough, who fought for years to obtain the release of the Younger Brothers from the Minnesota Prison,

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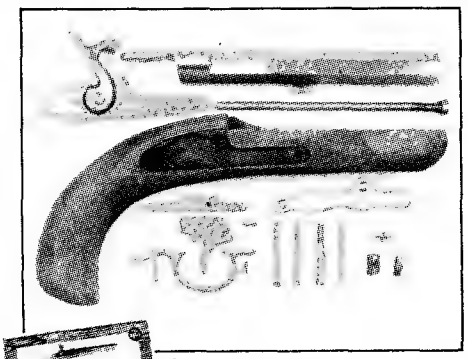

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ONE MAN HOLDUP

Continued from page 47

so did Father Schellinger fight for the release of Bill Carlisle . . . it took nearly twenty years.

In 1928 the Union Pacific was robbed near Archer, Wyoming. This time by a young man named Tom Vernon, who later was captured and taken to California where he served time for a previous crime. Buffalo Tom Vernon's own story is a sad one all the way through. I knew Buffalo Tom Averill Vernon for many years. He told me the story of how he was the son of Jim Averill and Ella Averill, having been born in Carbon County, Wyoming. His story of the eye-witness lynching of his mother and father by supposed members of the Cattlemen's Association is almost beyond belief. His subsequent escape from a like fate is also another sotry. Some have claimed his story false but such people as Tom Grant of Deadwood, South Dakota, Deadwood Dick Clarke, Buffalo Bill, and Pawnee Bill Lillie have backed up his claims with written affidavits.

On January 8, 1936, Bill Carlisle was discharged from the Rawlins Prison by Governor Clark. In November of 1947 Governor Lester Hunt issued Bill Carlisle a full pardon.

After leaving Rawlins Bill moved to Laramie; he seemed to like that place. Carlisle did several things in Laramie, from working as a clerk in a cigar store to pumping gasoline at a filling station. He ran a successful motor court from 1937 to 1956, when he sold out and took over the management of an apartment house.

And, like most all men, Bill married a fine woman and the two adopted a lovely little girl. In 1962, after the death of his beloved wife, Bill returned to his home state of Pennsylvania, taking up residence with his niece Hilda S. Cammie at Coatesville.

But time was running out on poor Bill. Accepting the fact that he was suffering from cancer, Bill tried in vain to finish a revision of his autobiography, to no avail. Mrs. Cammie, a professional nurse, did all she could to make Bill's last days as comfortable as possible. For over ten weeks she tenderly nursed him. She was at his side when he died at 2:50 p.m. at the Cammie home one warm Friday in June of 1964 . . . he was 74 years old.

Al Jennings, the Oklahoma Territory train robber, used to say he was the last of the clan, Bill would simply retort, "T'aint necessarily so!"

Bill Carlisle was buried in the Riverview Cemetery in Wilmington, Delaware, in the family plot.

My thanks to Mrs. Hilda S. Cammie for her kindness in providing me with notes and photos.

NOTE: While not completely substantiated, it is believed he took the name Carlisle from the city of that name in Pennsylvania.

AVIATION COWBOY

Continued from page 11

qualities of Montgomery's previous success, however, so he designed other types — always staying with the single wing concept. While other early experimenters often tried stacking wing foils one above the other, Montgomery always followed the bird-like design as closely as possible.

He devised a wind tunnel to test the small models in, and had moderate success. A hand-operated fan forced thistledown or flour over the wing surfaces, while he observed the flow. It was crude, but effective for his needs.

A native California, John Joseph Montgomery was born in Yuba City, February 15, 1858. He was one of twin sons of lawyer Zachery M. Montgomery, and his wife Ellen. The twin brother died in infancy, but John grew, exhibiting an early interest in flying, and the interest never abated. At a very early age he displayed an intense curiosity in anything hinting of science — the changing shadows of trees and buildings; earthquakes; the scuddering clouds over the mountains, and other phenomena.

He once told a reporter that when he was a child of five, in Yuba City, he "watched with delight the passage of clouds across the sky, and seeing those clouds resting, as it were, on the mountain tops. I asked to be taken to the mountain tops," he added, "because I thought that if I could get there, I could take hold of the clouds and fly; that I could grasp them and they would carry me with them. I think my interest in aerial navigation dates back to that time . . ." He was so imbued with the idea that some discussion was required to make him realize it wasn't that easy to fly.

The adults soon forgot, if temporarily, the remarks by the lad. But it was only the beginning for him, for by the time he was six he was studying the flight of geese in his grandmother's yard in Oakland. He'd herd them down to one end of the yard, and then crack a whip, sending them scurrying into flight; after a while they could fly the length of the yard non-stop.

Over the years, many seagulls, pelicans and other birds were killed, dissected, and then studied, in an attempt to learn just how they curved their wings for flying and landing.

Armed with ideas formed from this inspections, John began to experiment in earnest. Any tin can or other piece of tin sheet metal that reached the Montgomery home became a victim of the tin snips. John cut the metal into various shapes, then bent it into different angles, or pounded it on the anvil into still more weird curves. Then he proceeded to skim these pieces all over the yard, observing which ones would lift and carry the farthest. He noted that the disks with

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Steam, Canvas & Brush - Bob Eckel

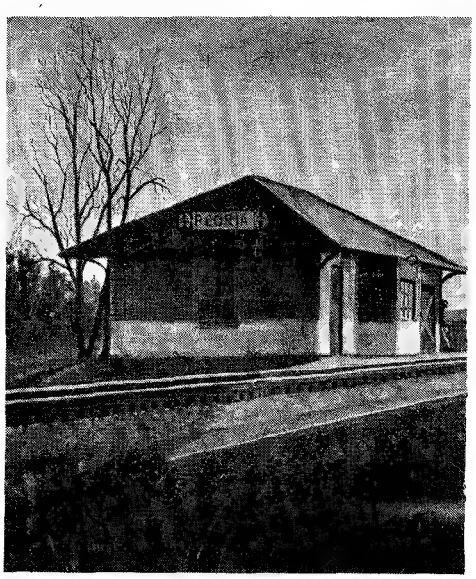
A Western Artist With A Passion For Those Old Engines And Lines

Some men ride horses, others write diaries — Bob Eckel paints old time trains. And he paints them so well that when you talk to someone about Bob, you often get the reply, "Oh yes, I know him, he's the train painter."

His reputation has preceded Bob to the point where he and his railroad paintings have even appeared on television (in addition to being exhibited throughout the west — currently they are featured in O'Brian's Art Emporium in Scottsdale).

Bob studied art at Wyoming's Institute of Fine Arts, Penn State University, Phoenix College, A.S.U. and is an Art Major at Grand Canyon College. He is a truly competent artist and his paintings capture a feeling of the old west and trains that include real depth and perception of color (see our inside cover for a fine example.)

He has painted for some 18 years and has had numerous art shows. One of his railroad paintings is on permanent display at Steamtown U.S.A., Bellows Falls, Vermont. He says, "The romance of the railroads has always exercized a compelling hold upon our imagination. The portrayal of my impression of steam railroading at its unspoiled best; the fascination, the romance, the feeling, with realism as my challenge."



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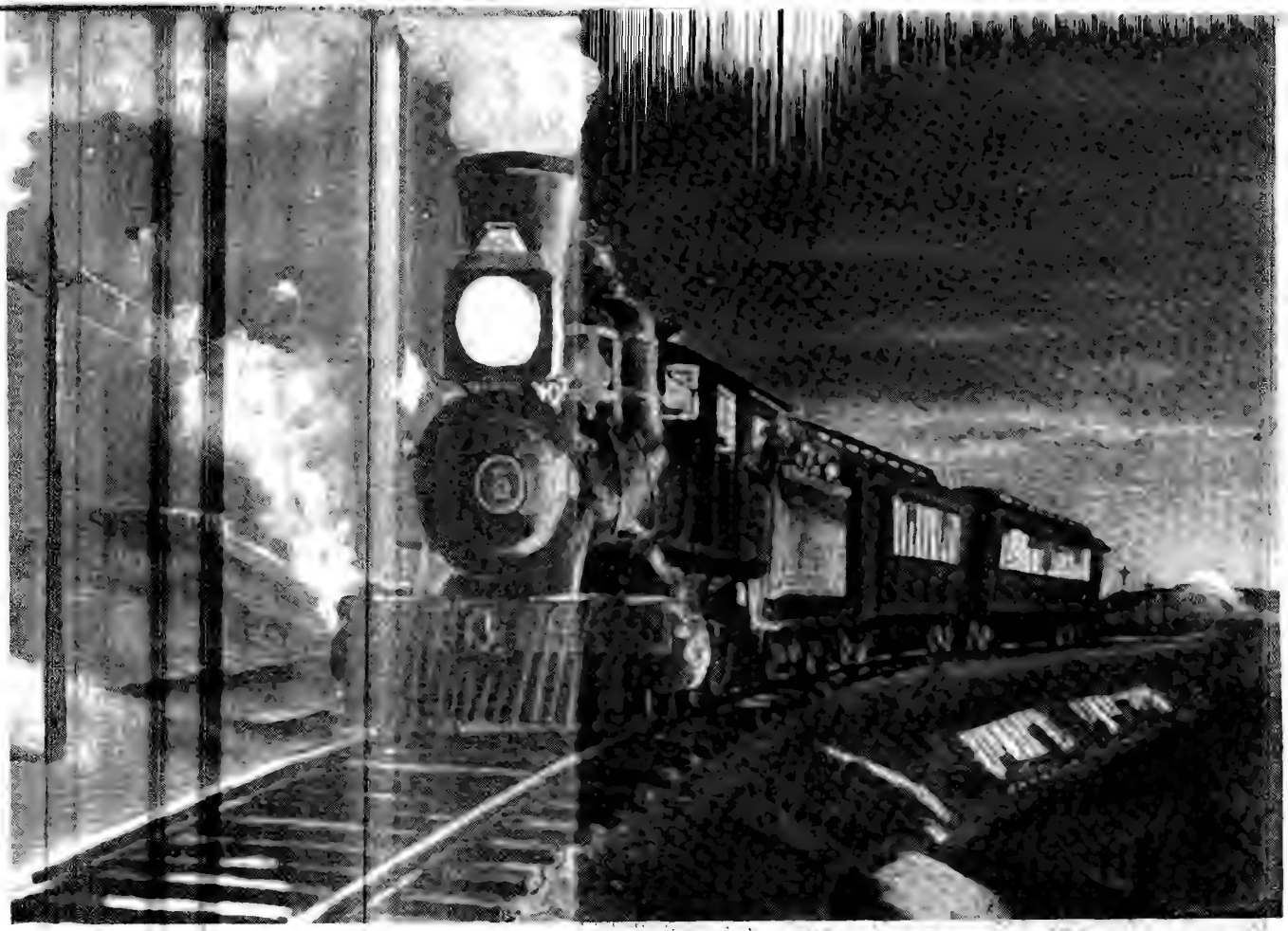
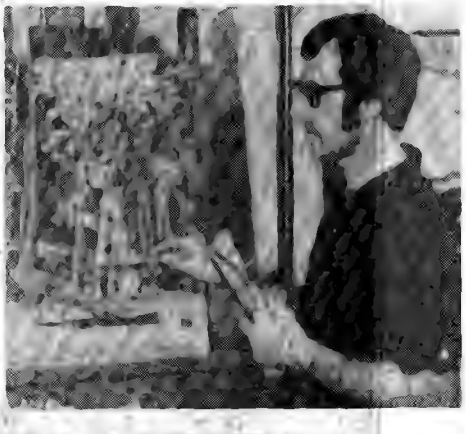


"UNDER STARRY SKIES" Back in the good old days (or nights as it were) stars were a little brighter, the air cleaner and riding the rails on a cool spring evening was a stimulating event — more than a few would return. The Southern Pacific locomotive, American Type 4-4-0 — Bob Eckel

WESTERNER'S FEATURED ARTIST



"DOUBLING THE HILL" The Denver and Rio Grande Western Narrow Gauge — One pulling, the other shoving mightely at the rear, a dust of Rio Grande Mikes take half their train up grade in remotest Colorado. They will leave this portion of the train with brakes set, return to the base of the grade and haul up the remainder of the cars, recouple the whole shebang and head for Alamosa. This is known in R.R. lingo as "Doubling the Hill". — Bob Eckel

"WAITING" down by the depot used to be the gathering spot for town folk waiting to exchange gossip and see new faces — alas now the depot and the very few lonely friends are waiting for the train of bygone days. The Santa Fe at Peioria, Arizona — Bob Eckel

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True WESTERNERS

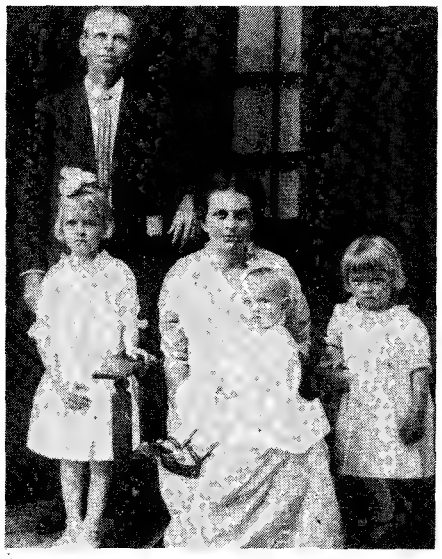
REAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST TOLD BY THOSE WHO WERE THERE

GRANDE OLE MULE

By Linnie Mae Williams
Hesperia, Calif.

There has been so much said about the horse, that I thought I would write about the Mule. My Father raised one from a colt. We called her Old Blue. She was big, beautiful and spirited. She was not the balky kind. And always did more than her share. She and my father were like pals. She would watch out for us like a Dog. You could always tell if there was a stranger around or a Varmit.

When there was a storm approaching she would run and snort till she was noticed, or it started to rain or blow. I remember the time when we were small that she fell through a bridge that was made of pole. She was hooked to the wagon in which the whole family was in. She seem to know the danger to us. As she fell in with her front feet, she remained so still till my father could unhook her. All the time he was talking to her so kind. And rubbing her. So when he got her unhooked from the Wagon she fell in to the creek. She stood real still till he got her out. She was trembling. And he kept talking to her and patting her. Soon she was ok. He did not think he could get her back across. So we all did not get in the wagon. And talked to her and she seem to know he had fixed the bridge. She walked as bold as before across the bridge. They had a kind of friendship as some would with a dog. She was always at his heels when he went to the lot.



The author, age four, far right.

Never did I know of her kicking. We were small but we would catch and hook her to the wagon. And she would stand so still. She always did more than her share of pulling a load. One time we were stuck with a load of potatoes in the mud. She would try to pull the whole load. Of course, we had to unload them. But she was right there with her part of the work. He had a horse colt he raised with her whose mother died when he was young. She assumed responsibility for him. And they were inseparable.

They lived to old age. And he retired them to the pasture. He would take them feed every day. So one day he found her at the gate dead where she had been waiting for him to come.

Some say the love a dog for his master is the greatest, but I think our Old Blue could be rated along with the best of them.

In this picture is the family John Dee Locke. The author is at the left of my Mother, standing on her foot.

I would like to hear more storys about the Grand Old Mule.

TROUBLE IN JUAREZ

by John Sommers
Morenci, Arizona

Back in 1923 I was foot loose and fancy free, as some were wont to say, and I seldom stayed on one job long enough to earn a paid vacation. Positions were fairly easy to come by in oil towns, which was where I was located at the moment, and as I had been employed by Doss Drug Company in Colorado, Texas, the past nine months, itchy feet beset me and I began querying traveling drug representatives about possible openings in Arizona for front end men and assistant pharmacists in drug stores. I had decided that I wanted to move westward and see some new country.

I learned that the Douglas Drug Company in Douglas, Arizona, was in need of a young man of my caliber and I lost no time in contacting them. In due time I received a letter from Mr. Russell Meadows, the manager of the Douglas Drug, and I was offered a position with his firm which was opening a branch drug store in Jaurez, deep in Mexico, and I readily accepted the offer.

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In 1923 Juarez was little removed from banditry which was prevalent all over Mexico, and it had only been a few years since Gen. "Pancho" Villa and his revolutionaries had sacked the town only to be driven out later by government forces. There was no such thing as a stable government in the nation and each state, as well as some cities ruled themselves with a sort of a "war lord" ruler. At the time of my arrival Mexican politicians and military people held the power in the city and paid some sort of lip service to the governor in the state capitol at Chihuahua City. The town was wide open with big-time gambling, prostitution and the vilest kind of vices in vogue, and it was no place for a green kid to go poking around in. But I was never one to stick my neck into a noose or hunt trouble and I was careful to stay out of dives and places where I might find myself in a predicament of danger.

The Big Kid's Palace was a favorite hangout for working people and cattlemen who went there for a schooner of beer and cold cuts, all for ten cents in U.S. money, and a loud Mexican band that played all the louder as the nickels and dimes fell at their feet, tossed there by the patrons who enjoyed the noise. The Big Kid, who was a man of seven feet in height and about two hundred and fifty pounds in weight, owned the establishment and he was his own bouncer. Being an Irishman who had ingratiated himself into the graces of the town bosses with cash donations to their causes, the Kid was solid in the community as long as the present regime held power. He seldom had any differences with the locals but the "gringos" from across the border quite frequently ran into his ham-like fists. Being a very noisy place with a flamboyant front the Palace got the best of my curoisty, and as I was nursing a thirst and felt the need of some food I strode into the big barn-like place and stopped at the 100 foot bar and ordered a beer and meat.

With beer and cold cuts in hand I sauntered to the back of the Palace and selected a vacant table in one corner and proceeded to enjoy the repast. The slot machines and gambling tables etc. were in that area and I could observe the activity of the gamblers while eating and drinking. All was serene with me until a commotion up front at the bar attracted my attention. Five or six burly "anglos" had gathered at the bar and they had become quite boisterous in their demands. The bar tender who was trying to serve them seemed to be making every effort to please them but for some reasons the men felt otherwise. Loud talking and much gesturing with arms and hands came from them and suddenly one of them picked up a chair from one of the nearby dining tables and hurled it at the bar tender. The bartender ducked and the chair sailed on and made impact with the long mirror behind the bar. The loud

The author in Jaurez - winter of 1924.

shatter of the glass disrupted everything in the saloon and by that time all of the "gringos" were involved in throwing things, overturning tables, and in general trying to get to the bartender who remained behind the bar. Finally one of the men leaped over the bar and tied into the bartender and was met with a quart whisky bottle across his skull. The bartender slowed the man a bit with that evasive action, and with that brief respite from danger he procured a hog-leg pistol from some place and brought it into play. The man who had gained the backside of the bar was ordered at gun point over the counter to the front along with his buddies, and by that time the Mexican police had arrived. They distinctly hated the Americanos and when confronted with such an opportunity as presented itself at the moment they went into action with pistols and billy clubs. Some used their pistols as clubs, and one policeman fired into the ranks of the men while an effort was being made to subdue them and cart them off to the "bull pen". One man fell wounded from a bullet and the others all bore bloody marks on their faces and heads as a result of the encounter with the policemen. While all that was taking place I sat spellbound at my table. The spectacle could lead to complications, I realized. The Mexican police in their hatred for all Americanos might round up all people from across the border who were in the saloon at the time of the fracas and impound them along with the fellows who started the trouble. I slumped in my chair and pulled my hat over my eyes and pretended to be drunk as the officers herded the group out onto the street, and fortunately I was not disturbed. When the excitement was over I asked one of the dealers at the gaming tables who the men were who had started the trouble and he replied that he understood they were copper miners from Globe, Arizona. What their final fate was I never learned. Once sentenced to the "bull pen" during those days meant loss of all personal possessions plus a long sentence in prison, and when Americans were incarcerated there was no diplomatic intercession open to them. No consul was there to represent them or to work in their behalf, and when, and if, they gained their freedom it was with nothing more than a pair of overalls to wear. Some were not that lucky. What happened to them no one ever learned.

DOG ON THE RESERVATION

By Walt Thayer
Wenatchee, Washington

I enjoyed Harry Webb's story about "Old Mose" as its simular to an old dog we had on the homestead in the 1920's. I don't recall where or how we got him but he wasn't any special breed. Just plain "dog", and we called him "Snups" which was taken from the word "Schnapps" — which means a drink of whiskey or liquor in the German language, and we had lots of German and Scandinavian neighbors. Also a village of Winnebago Indians a mile from the homestead and they were the old dogs "special hate." Many times he got "chewed all to hell" in fights with a neighbors two bulldogs and other bigger dogs. When he got healed up he'd go right back for more of the same and leave a few scars on them. He liked to hunt but when the first shot was fired he'd tuck his tail in and come back to where you were at. After the 2nd shot he'd most likely "head for home" and hide under the porch or somewhere. Don't know where or how he became gun shy, but he never got over it.

He never bothered our own cats, but let a strange cat get near the house and he'd kill it if he could catch it. And chasing cars was another habit we couldn't break him of. We whipped him and beat him but he continued to chase cars, day and night. Several times he got hit, but that didn't stop him. And in chasing cattle or horses he always went to their head.

I don't know why he hated Indians, but if we didn't "call him off", no Indian could safely come within a thousand feet of the house. The local Indians all knew this and some carried rocks or a club when they walked by on the road.

Finally he grew old and we got a younger dog yet we didn't want to kill him; so dad took him a long way from home and let him out of the car. He should have shot him because he let him out on the Indian Reservation and he hated Indians worse than any other living thing.

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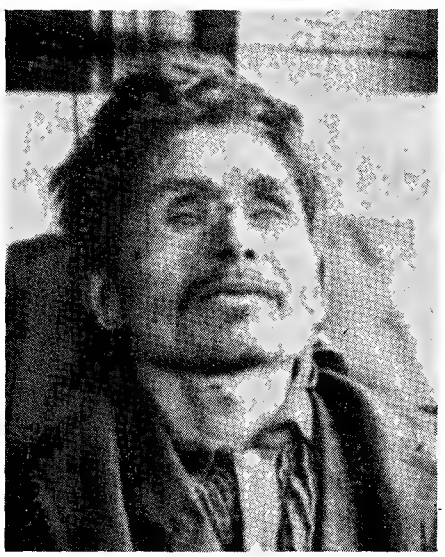
WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND THIS CHEROKEE WHO KILLED WHITE MEN? by Hill Wallace

The One Man Army



It started suddenly that bright November morning, hard and fast, just like NED Christie knew it would.

Ned ducked, then flinched as the first volley of lead ripped at his log cabin.

Finally the bullets let up for a second. Ned squinted anxiously from his peephole. Biting his lower lip he studied the hillside, trying to find out how many marshals and deputies surrounded his shanty fortress.

It was white man's law Ned was fighting. But he must have felt he was doing the right thing. No man could have fought the way Ned Christie did that day if he thought he was in the wrong.

Ned was a full blood Cherokee. When he was a young man, he served on the Tribal Council, and was loved and respected by both the young and old men of the Cherokee Nation.

One of the council meetings had turned into a heated debate over government allotments. Then Ned stood up.

Silence fell over the lodge as the men turned toward him. He smiled sincerely at his friends.

"These things are not good for our nation," he said in Cherokee. "The old ways are good. Not the killing and burning. It is not good to kill."

The older men nodded in agreement.

"Our government was good." Ned clenched his fist against his chest. "And our freedom was good, much good."

Thus, Christie didn't want to kill. But he didn't want to die either.

In 1885, Ned was walking home after drinking with one of his friends. He was crossing a creek, when a U.S. marshall named Dan Maples stopped him.

What really happened after that is not known. Maples was found dead the next morning, with his gun in his hand.

Christie, in turn, was immediately charged with murder and named an outlaw.

For the next seven years, lawmen chased Ned from Arkansas to Missouri. He was accused of murder, robbing trains, of all sorts of crimes.

Then, one day in the spring of 1892, a young Indian boy told his father that he had seen Ned Christie building a cabin in the Spavinaw Hills.

Word soon reached the law. Jacob Yoes was put in charge of a large posse of marshals and deputies. After getting a small cannon and black powder from the fort at Coffeyville, Kansas, Yoes led his small army to capture or kill Christie.

The lawmen surrounded Ned's cabin late in the morning of November 1, 1892.

In one history of the battle that followed, Christie was believed to have one companion. According to another report, three men were in the cabin with him.

But no bodies were found in the ruins of the cabin. None of the posse were certain that Ned was alone in the cabin, and that he, singlehanded, held them off for more than twenty-four hours.

In any event, in his report at Fort Smith, Arkansas, Yoes said that the lawmen's fire was returned almost bullet for bullet.

The battle raged all day long. Finally the sun set. Ned was growing tired with the fast pace of the battle.

The night air was cool, but inside the cabin, sweat still poured down Ned's forehead. Blinking, he ran his thumb across his aching eyes.

The loud boom of the cannon echoed over the rifle fire. Cannon balls knocked and splintered the wood of the barricades around the shanty.

The hours till morning dragged endlessly. The sun was a large, dark red ball as it pushed its way above the trees.

Then, suddenly, the firing stopped. Straining his eyes, Ned saw some of the lawmen gathering behind their wagon. They were talking, and Ned knew it must be a plan. But he couldn't hear what they said because of the loud ringing in his ears.

A minute later the bullets started flying again. Through the light smoke, Ned could see men pushing the wagon up the hill and across the clearing he had made around it.

Now the wagon moved out of sight beside the cabin.

There was a loud boom. Wood splintered from one side of the shack.

The force of the explosion knocked Christie across the room and into the wall. For a few minutes, he lay dazed. Then, using the butt of his rifle, he got to his feet.

Now smoke billowed through the cabin. The heat of a fire was already filling the room.

Ned Christie knew he couldn't stay inside much longer. Pushing his way out the heavy wooded door, Ned made his last bid for freedom.

Following a dry creek bed, he tried to get back to his home, about half a mile away. Ned almost escaped but the army of lawmen spotted him and opened fire.

Ned yelled as the pain ripped through his body. The rifle fell from his hand, and he tumbled down in the dry Oklahoma dust.

The smoke lifted and the men saw Ned lying on the ground. Still ducked in their hiding places, they waited. Then seeing no movement from Christie, they moved in to claim their kill.

Ned's body was taken to Fort Smith were the lawmen tied him to a board and had pictures taken of their fantastic enemy. He was then crammed in a carelessly constructed box and sent back to the Cherokee people. There, Ned was given a proper burial, with the respect that he'd always had from his people.

There was a small mist and the sky was dark and gloomy. An old white man hobbled down the hill with his head bowed reverently.

"Ned Christie was a good man," he whispered, "even when he was drunk. He was a peaceful man, but after that first mistake he made, everything that happened around here was blamed on Ned."

The old man shook his head in disgust.

"Most of the white people just didn't know what Ned was really like. Now he's in a good place, where he can have the freedom he's always wanted."

The old man ducked his head as a small tear streamed down his wrinkled cheek. He walked slowly, carefully watching his step, then disappeared behind the green cedars of the Spavinaw Hills.

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AVIATION COWBOY

Continued from page 48

the curve well-pronounced flew the best — and decided that curvature of flying surfaces was very important. Didn't he prove it by dissecting those dead birds' wings?

And hadn't he noticed many times when his mother plucked the feathers from chickens and geese for family dinner, that their wings also had a definite curve?

In the summer of 1869, John got first-hand acquaintance with hot-air balloons when Frederick Mariott, a friend of his father, exhibited and flew one named the *Avitor* around the San Francisco Bay area. The 11-year-old boy avidly inspected the machinery that produced the hot air for the lift. At that time the Montgomerys lived in Oakland.

One thing led to another in John's experiments. At one time he was flying kites in an effort to learn more. He was inspired to test toy balloons and try to control them in flight, using strings attached to fins alongside the little spheres.

At 16, he started studies at Santa Clara College. The following year he was enrolled at St. Ignatius College, which later became the University of San Francisco. There he studied physics under a noted instructor, Joseph Neri, S.J., and graduated in 1879. By studying another year he emerged in 1880 with a Master's Degree in Science tucked under his arm.

Mathematical science was a breeze to him, and in addition to the subject of flight, he experimented with electrical gadgets, and theorized on astronomical subjects.

He made a seismograph, which he installed in the Montgomery home. Built many years prior to the Richter Scale used today, it recorded faithfully any earthquakes or other ground movements that occurred in the area.

For a teaser he made equipment to explain a pet idea he had about the moon, and how it rotated while revolving about the earth. Later researchers corroborated his far-out theories.

In 1882 John Montgomery joined his family. His father had recently purchased an 80-acre plot of land southeast of San Diego, near the village of Otay, and they were establishing and improving a ranch they named "Fruitland." Between working on the ranch, and studying and drawing at night, John set up a laboratory and workshop. With the aid of his two sisters, especially Jane, who helped him tremendously, he steamed and bent the toughest and lightest woods he could find, making an ornithopter, or flapping-wing device. Two of these craft proving failures, he went to work on a fixed-wing glider. Mary and Jane helped him with the framework, and then neatly stitched together the cloth that covered it. Eventually they completed the model that John flew so successfully in 1883, eight years before Lilienthal's European flights.

FRENCHY McCORMICK

Continued from page 15

Finally she could stand no more. "I'm Mickey's luck!" She furiously addressed the young girl. "You're ruining everything — get away from here!" Advancing toward the girl, she warned again. "Now!" The girl fled and when Mickey's luck returned, Frenchy was convinced another woman nearby was bad luck. Thereafter she always ordered them away from him.

A year passed and the first book of marriage licenses reached Oldham County. Alexander "Scotty" Wilson, the justice of the peace at Tascosa, loved his liquor, but wasn't always able to pay for it. He seized the book of licenses as an opportunity and called in the dancehall girls and cowboys and gamblers they had been living with. In sharp, colorful language he told the couples that law and order had come to Tascosa and they better buy their licenses and be legally married. Mickey and Frenchy were among the first to comply with this order. On their license, she listed her name as Elizabeth McGraw.

Devoted to one another, Frenchy and Mickey became one of Tascosa's most popular couples. Together, that first year, they watched Ryan's Saloon expand and be renamed the Equity Bar, and rejoiced with the rest of Tascosa when Pat Garrett finally killed Billy the Kid.

A new school had been built and the old adobe one was converted into a small Catholic chapel called St. Barnabas. In 1889, Frenchy and Mickey were remarried by a priest in the presence of a handful of guests. It was a happy year for the loving couple, but it marked the beginning of the end of Tascosa.

Completely fenced in by the big ranches, it had become an isolated inland community. The XIT moved its warehouse to Channing and the public school closed. By 1890, the citizens had begun moving to more thriving towns.

One night that year, Frenchy and Mickey left the saloon early. Reaching their home, they sat on the porch enjoying the clean air whistling through the cottonwood trees.

They sat quietly for a while, their hands barely touching, then Mickey stirred in his chair. "Do you think we should move?"

"Move? Whatever for?" Frenchy took her hand away from his.

Mickey shrugged helplessly. "The town's dying."

Frenchy leaned back from him, her face hidden in ths shadows. "But I've never been so happy as I have these last ten years," her voice almost broke.

Mickey rose, took her hand, and pulled her to her feet. "Here's where we'll stay then." He drew her close into his arms and kissed her.

Frenchy's heart bounded with joy. Never in all her life had she been so happy. All she ever wanted was to be with Mickey, here in the little house by her beloved cottonwoods. She kissed him again and drew back, still holding his hands. "Mickey, you've made me so happy."

"We'll make a vow," he said, squeezing her hands tight. "We'll never leave Tascosa or each other."

"Never," Frenchy vowed, holding his hands.

One by one, the saloons closed down until in 1891, there was only the Equity left and the Tascosa Pioneer reluctantly quit publishing. The hoped-for railroad had missed Tascosa and in 1893, the Canadian River flooded, leaving Tascosa in virtual ruins. There was no longer any reason to stay in the town and almost all the remaining citizens left . . . but not Mickey and Frenchy. They stayed with their town and Mickey earned their living by guiding hunting parties.

One morning in 1912, Mickey was getting ready to go hunting. But instead of calling his dogs, he sprawled across the bed.

Frenchy quickly went to his side. Alarmed, she could only think of offering him water.

"No water," he said, his eyes holding hers in a strange gaze. "I wonder what you'll do?"

"Do Mickey?" Afraid and feeling helpless, she went after water. When she returned, he repeated his question, then died.

"Even dying," Frenchy murmured softly, understanding at last, "he was thinking of me."

With the tenderest care, she shut his eyes and folded his arms across his chest. Then, long and lovingly, she looked down on the man she had vowed never to leave.

"There was no need for you to wonder," she said aloud. "I'm going to stay here by you. We made a pledge. We swore we'd never leave each other or Tascosa." She looked down at Mickey. They had almost a quarter century together. Never though, even in their happiest moments had she loved him more. Tears filled her faded blue eyes. "I'll *never* leave you," she vowed once more.

Mickey was buried in Casimero Romero Cemetery and Frenchy stayed on in their home, glancing often toward the hill and his grave.

From her crumbling home, she watched the first automobiles come. Before she became totally deaf, she heard airplanes destroy the quiet of the Canadian breaks. Gravel was gouged from the river to make a modern highway and humming power lines stretched over Boot Hill.

Moving the county seat to Vega was Tascosa's death blow and within ten years rank weeds and underbrush grew where the cowboys and gamblers had walked. Nearly all signs of the town were gone. The only buildings left were the old courthouse and Frenchy's home. Even Frenchy couldn't point out the spot where the Dodge Trail had ended.

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With no income, Frenchy was a ward of the state. The tin roof on her home leaked and there were holes in the floor. Mice gnawed and colored the magazine and newspaper pictures she used to decorate the walls, and there were rattlesnakes under the floor of her house. County officials tried to talk Frenchy into moving, but she remained firm.

"I can't move her," one official told a friend of Frenchy's. "She wants to stay with Mickey. That's all the happiness she has. It's all she wants."

One day in 1938, friends came to Frenchy's home just as two men walked out and drove away.

Inside, they found her backed into a corner, shaken and breathing rapidly. She was clutching a torn piece of paper. The lid of the trunk was open and its contents tumbled and scattered.

"See, I saved it," she yelled, unmindful of her torn dress. She dropped into her rocking chair and wiped the perspiration from her face. "Those men said they were from a college," she panted. "They asked to see my papers. When I said no, they broke the lock on the trunk." She clutched the paper closer to her heart. "One tried to hold me, but I got away. I couldn't let them take this."

"It's our marriage license," she held out the page. "My dearest possession. If I'd let them take it, I couldn't have faced Mickey. He would have understood, but he thought so much of the license. He told me we must always keep it."

Once again Frenchy had proved her loyalty to Mickey and protected the secret of her identity, but her health began to fail rapidly. Finally the county officials took her friends and went to forcibly move her to Channing. Old and frail, alone in the house for 27 years, Frenchy could fight no more.

She demanded to be alone with her friends. "I want solemn promises," she told them, "that if I die away from Tascosa, you'll see that I'm brought back and buried beside Mickey."

The promised and in January, 1939, she moved to Channing. Trips to the city and the conveniences of modern living didn't appeal to Frenchy. She preferred her lonely home even with its rattlesnakes. "I'm just visiting in Channing," she said. "My home is in Tascosa."

Two years later, Frenchy died. She was 88 years old. The county kept its promise and on a cold January day in 1941, Frenchy was buried beside her Mickey. The 29 year death watch was ended and also one of the frontiers greatest love stories.

Frenchy's passing sealed for all time the secrets that shrouded her early life. And Tascosa lost its last citizen. Bound together by their lusty youth, courageous living and the long sad death watch, Frenchy and Tascosa were both legends. Now their memories would be linked forever in the annals of history.

WHOOP-LA IN WOLF DEN

Continued from page 17

"sumpin'") He wouldn't go away an' I tried to stay awake so's to jab him with my stick. But I guess I got sleepy an' couldn't stay awake. But I bet he has a sore snoot, don't you bet so, Mr. Dog Man?"

"I'll bet he has," Ketchum chuckled. "But that was the puppies' mama and she wanted to get her babies. She wouldn't bite you."

"Well he sure as the devil bit my stick!" came her spirited reply.

"Oh," Ketchum told her, "she might bite your stick but she wouldn't bite a cute little girl like you. Wolves don't bite people, they just bite cows." We expected Rosie to come up with another of her sheep-shearers expletives but she appeared to be digesting the old wolfer's words.

On the way back to the shearing camp she kept us well entertained with her quaint, innocent swearing, but we were hardly prepared for the startling gem she came up with as the women laughed and cried in turns and fired questions at her. "Mercy me!" a young school teacher exclaimed, "weren't you frightened to death that the horrid old wolf would bite you?"

"Oh, bit my ass!" came Rosie's pert answer as she appended Ketchum's intended remark. "He wouldn't bite nobody! At least not a cute little girl like me. That's what Mr. Dog Man says an' he knows." This time there wasn't a snicker as Mrs. Adams explained the source of her daughter's vocabulary and tried to apologize.

My next wolfing experience came less than a week later. We were just finishing breakfast at the M Bar when an uproar out back sent old Pete Sharp, the cook, running to the back door and yelling "A Timber wolf just jumped outa the pig pen with a shoat! But he dropped it and took through the timber towards the meadow!"

George Pennoyer, the boss, grabbed a rifle he had recently purchased just for wolf hunting and yelled for me to "Come on!"

Flinging saddles on our horses we headed for the meadow on a high run. "It's an old bitch that's got pups some place I'll bet, " George said. "Hope I can get a shot at her."

As we emerged from the cottonwoods a bunch of yearling heifers were running and we saw the wolf leap up at an animal's loin and bring it down. As we raced across the feed meadow the wolf was tearing at a ham of the struggling critter and sliding his horse to a stop George was off and trying to sight through the W.F. Sheard telescope. But being unfamiliar with a 'scope he couldn't find the wolf in the sight.

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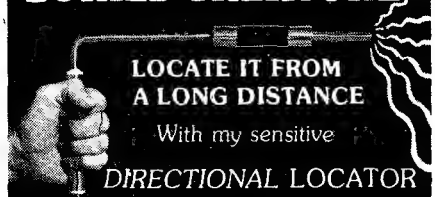

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WHOOP-LA IN WOLF DEN

Continued from page 55

As I dashed forward, my Luger ready, the wolf tore out a hunk of meat, whirled and beat us to a barb-wired fence. By the time we got the wires cut the wolf was several hundred yards out on the flat, headed for the steep Owl Creek Mountains.

"Might as well take 'er slow," George said. "She's got a den up there and we might be lucky enough to find it if we give her time to settle down."

An hour later we were searching the crags for the wolf's tracks but there were so many tracks, literally hundreds of them, all we could do was separate and keep our eyes peeled for signs of a den. Some time later I heard George shoot twice and headed that way. When I reached him he was skinning a male Lobo.

(I want to digress here to explain the difference in gray and black wolves. In Wyoming the blacks were called "timber" wolves and the grays "Lobos, or Loafers." And while some claimed they were of the same litter the blacks were seldom seen in the low lands where hundreds of grays were to be found. Also, the grays have a *short head,* wide between the ears, whereas the blacks have a *long, narrow* head similar to a Collie's. I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of this latter quirk of nature. Of course, like domestic dogs, they might birth both gray and black whelps, but why, when grown, should they choose separate environments?

The blacks certainly came down in the lower country to forage because Charley Blonde, owner of the "Anchor Ranch," put poison at a fresh kill one evening and the next morning found four dead grays and two blacks scattered about. One extra large black weighed 120 pounds and Mr. Blonde had a Thermopolis taxidermist mount it. I sat astraddle of it more than once in the Anchor ranch house).

"When I heard you shoot I thought you'd found a den," I said.

"Damn tootin' I found one!" George replied, pointing. "And there's a batch of pups in there that'll be easy to get. Just a big room."

It was the most unlikely spot for a wolf den one could imagine, but George said he'd seen an old she Lobo come out of it.

Hooking my fingers in the round hole, seven feet up the face of the cliff, I pulled myself up and peered in a room perhaps ten feet across and three feet high. Sand carpeted the floor and in it were innumerable tracks, both tiny and large.

Then a grayish whelp the size of a small house cat scurried from a dark corner and disappeared down a crevice on my right. Dropping back down I said "Now what do you do?"

"One of us," he replied, as he hung the big pelt on a limb, "will have to crawl in there an' git 'em, that's all." It was easy to see "One of us" wouldn't be George. A 200 pounder, with most of it paunch, would be a mighty tight fit for that hole. George produced a piece of candle and looped baling wire candle-holder from his saddle pockets. "Don't think you'll need this," he said, "but you might. You hand 'em out and I'll knock 'em in th' head with a stick."

George's voice shook with enthusiasm, and for a good reason. He and his partners owned 30,000 cow brutes, making their stock prime prey for wolves every day of the year. The Cattlemen's Association — of which they were members — had subscribed a $25,000.00 fund with a bounty of fifty dollars on grown wolves and ten dollars each on pups, but everyone knew, from the number of wolves in Big Horn and adjacent Counties, this money wouldn't make a dent in the wolf population. So, to get the most for their money, no stockman or his employees could collect any bounty. Otherwise we cowboys would have spent most of our time hunting dens. We six-gunned any wolf we could, anyway, just for fun. One T.A. cowhand with more brains than ethics turned all he killed or found over to a friend and they split the bounty.

With the aid of the candle light I peered down the steep, low-roofed crevice that led off the main room. Particles of rat-chewed cactus, sage sticks, small bones and scattered rodent nests littered the narrow passageway. It was a spooky-looking proposition and I didn't like the looks of it. "Supposing the old one's in there?" I argued.

"No chance," George said. "That was her went hellity larrup down th' canyon when I come up." But even if she is in there you know what Ketchum says about wolves in a den."

"I still say I never heard of a horse with ticklish feet!"

"Yeh," I replied, "that's what he says but it sounds mighty fishy to me."

With the candle and my Luger held out ahead of me it was no trouble to wriggle "belly-smacker" down the incline. With only six inches clearance above my shoulders and hips as they scraped each side I slid forward. I had wormed along perhaps twenty feet and could see that the fissure shortly ended. Then I caught the twitch of a small tail almost against my gun hand. The shy little booger had wedged his body into a small crack in the right wall. Letting my eyes search the walls I discovered several more fuzzy objects blending with the rock.

As I lay contemplating how best to get them out it dawned on me that I would be unable to *turn around.* No place I had passed, and what I could see ahead, told me that. Tight places underground had always spooked me and as I tried to keep from being panicky I said "To hell with the pups! All I want is to get out of here!" My voice made the place spookier than ever and as I was worming backward my left elbow sunk into something I knew wasn't *rock.*

Twisting my neck a sight met me that should have stopped my heart for keeps. Flattened down into a slight depression the gray body was almost imperceptible but there was no mistaking the throaty hiss and gaping mouth, and crooking the Luger to the left I "yanked" the trigger.

The terrific blast extinguished the candle and near broke my ear drums. As the threshing body sprayed me with blood I dug both the gun and candle in the sand and frantically shoved myself backward, cutting my head open on roof rock. When I at last reached the room above George was on his peering wild-eyed in the hole. My shirts had been pushed almost over my head and with blood running down my face I guess I was a scary sight. To George's excited queries I had but one answer:

"That damned wolf you saw come out of this hole didn't come out!" Ho, I let my boss have both barrels but I may as well have shouted at the roof. He was more interested in wolves than in a scared and gory bronc-buster.

"We can't quit now!" George said. "A wolfer would give his eyeteeth for a find like this."

"Well I'm not a wolfer," I told him with plenty vitrol as I mopped gobs of liver-thick blood out of my hair.

"Wish to hell I could get in there," he grumbled. "It'd take more than a wolf to bluff me out." Then in a wheedling voice he said, "Say, why don't you just pretend you're making whoopla down there like the little Adams girl did? That'll keep yuh from being scared. Believe me, if I was slim like you I'd—" "Then why not pretend

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you're a snake?" I snapped, "and make like a wolfer? But I can tell you now, that place might be alright for wolves and packrats but it's sure as hell no place for me! So don't talk to me about Rosie's or anybody else's Whoopla!"

"You got out, didn't you?" George cajoled. "So you ought to be able to make it dead easy from now on. Tell you what I'll do!" he bribed. "Get them critters out and I'll buy you the best pair of silver-mounted spurs in Higgins and McGrath's store soon as I get to Thermopolis. And next time go down *backwards,* then you can come out easier."

"And push that wolf ahead of me? Fat chance!"

"We'll put your rope on her and I'll help pull," George said. I ahd to admit I hadn't thought of that.

"Alright with the old one," I said, "but I'd have to go down head first to search out the pups. Some are wedged in the far end and there's no room to slide an arm by me to feel around for them."

"Then," he said, his mind centered on that batch of pups, "we'll loop your rope on your hind leg and I'll drag you back up even if I have to take a dally on my saddle horn to do it."

At last I gave in and with the sand cleaned out of my gun, the candle lit and my forty foot lariat handy I was ready. "Supposing I didn't kill that old one," I said, the thought striking me,"and she chews a leg off before I can get screwed around to shoot her?"

"We'll figure that out when we come to it," he said. George was handy with that "we" stuff but his rope idea worked. The soft-nosed 7.65 millimeter bullet had shattered the old girl's skull, but squeezing past her to get the rope on her wasn't as easy as it sounded coming from George.

It also took plenty hauling on his part and pushing on mine to surface her but in an hour's time "we" had completed the whole job. The tally being one hefty mother and nine whelps, five grays and four jet blacks.

That experience, besides giving me mightmares for weeks, settled two questions for me: First, that a wolf would not tackle a person in a den, and secondly, that the one parent birthed both black and gray whelps even though their skull structures were entirely different.

In a month's time, with every Tom, Dick and Harry hunting dens, the Association's bounty money was exhausted and the enormous stock losses became the problem for the State and U.S. Government to handle. I may be in error but I believe it was in the late 30's that Government poison and "gas bombs". (with the single exception of the legendary "Old Two Toes") wrote finis to the wolf problem in Wyoming.

The spurs? Darn tootin' I got 'em.

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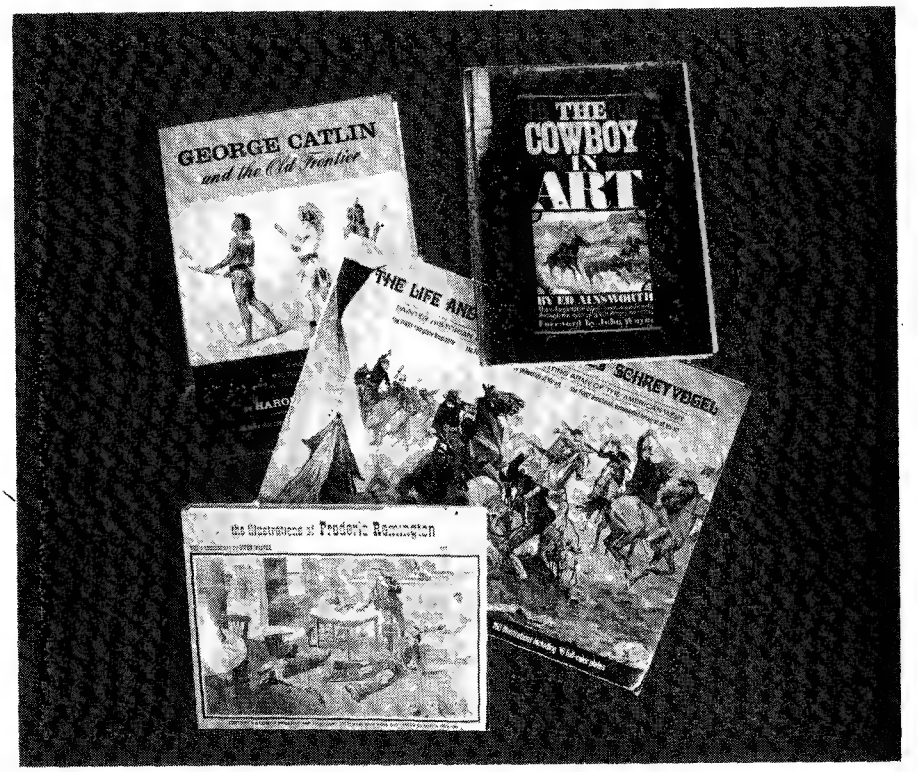

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TERROR *From page 21*

Springs. Again, there were no clues as to who the outlaws were, or to where they were headed. And Sheriff Bradley's discovery would prove not to be of any real significance.

However, the first real key to the capture of the train robbers was to be supplied by Riley, the passenger who had been wounded during the holdup. At Omaha, Riley told authorities that during the summer he had been on a cattle drive with a man from Texas who had recently made his headquarters near Ogallala. The man was Joel Collins. He went on to say that Collins knew the Big Springs country very well; that he had a reputation as a gambler and as an associate of rough and "bad character" cowboys; and that he was one of the men who had participated in the Big Springs holdup. He contended that he had recognized Collins, despite his mask, when he walked past him after the shooting.

Railroad agents and law enforcement officials were immediately notified of Collins' description. The public was not informed and the press kept the identity a secret. It was truly a gamble — an effort to ward off any suspicions the outlaw may have otherwise conjured since the robbery — but it paid off.

Nine days after the robbery, two riders leading a pack horse rode into Buffalo Station, Kansas, dismounted in front of the station agent's office and began a conversation. Since Buffalo Station was nothing more than a lonely water tank station, with a few houses for section hands, a store and a telegraph office, the station agent felt that the men were Texas cowboys on their way home; just two cowboys who had merely stopped for rest and refreshments.

But then, the man talking to the agent withdrew a handkerchief from his vest pocket, partially revealing an envelope. Upon the envelope were inscribed the words "Joel Collins." However alarmed, and this agent certainly must have been, he continued to chat with the two men until they remounted and rode off leisurely across the plains.

After waiting until they were out of sight, the agent then mounted his horse and rode to a nearby ravine where a posse composed of a Kansas sheriff, a Pinkerton detective and 11 soldiers were encamped.

The posse was quick to give chase. The two cowboys saw the posse bearing down on them but did not increase their pace, instead, they casually continued to ride across the open flat. They showed no fear of the posse even when stopped.

"What do you boys want?" asked Collins.

When told that they matched the description of the recent train robbers, Collins laughed and answered, "We're only Texas boys on our way home."

With reason to believe otherwise the sheriff asked them to return to the station. Collins and his companion agreed. They turned their mounts around and headed back. They rode for several hundred yards, without speaking, then Collins cried to his partner, "Pard, if we're goin' to die, we might as well die game!"

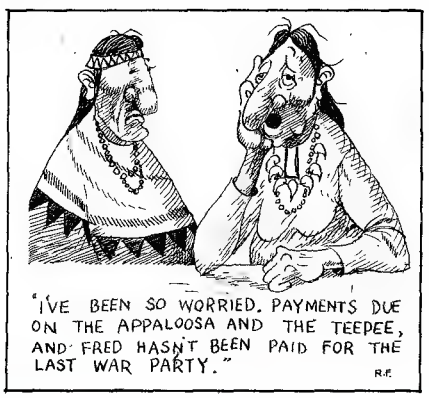
But before their revolvers had a chance to clear leather, Collins and his partner (a man named Heffridge) were cut down by a barrage of bullets. Their lifeless bodies lay twisted upon the ground as members of the posse searched their pack-saddles for the stolen money, $20,000 of which was found in the legs of an old pair of trousers under some carefully placed blankets. Shortly thereafter, the bodies of Collins and Heffridge were laid to rest at nearby Ellis station.

In early October, a tall redheaded man of about forty years of age stepped from the train at Mexico, Missouri. His hair was down to his shoulders and he sported a dusty, unkept beard. When the porter offered to carry his saddle bags, the man strongly refused. His name was James Berry.

Berry's first stop was at a barber shop, where he cleaned up. He then registered at a nearby hotel, in which place he spent the rest of the night contemplating the events of the morrow. Early the next morning, he took the two saddle bags and exchanged $9,000 worth of gold coins for currency at three different banks.

It wasn't long, however, until the sheriff of Mexico, Missouri was notified that the gold coins were part of the Big Springs train robbery and a search for the man was made. Hunted down and fatally wounded by a blast from the sheriff's shotgun, Berry made a death-bed confession of his part in the robbery. Moreover, he named names and stated that Collins had masterminded the whole operation. He also told the authorities that they had traveled as a group for better than 200 miles before they split into pairs and separated, and that his partner had gone on to Chicago.

Unlike his partners, Collins and Heffridge, James Berry died a slow and agonizing death. Behind him, he left a widow and six children, and only $2500 of the $9,000 was ever recovered. The rest of the money, it is said, he spent, gambled away or used to pay debts.



THEY ROBBED TRAINS
Continued from page 25

The posse opened fire on the outlaw in the ravine and the other, taking advantage of the diversion, snatched up his gun and began blazing away at the officers. Thacker and his men fired another volley of shots at the pair. This was enough for the two outlaws. One of them called to the lawmen that they were both wounded and wanted to surrender. When they had thrown down their guns the possemen moved in and captured them.

The outlaws were Frank Hawley and Ornis Nay. Hawley was wounded in the left leg while Nay had a bullet in his left shoulder which had punctured his lung. They were both in a good deal of pain.

Upon interrogating the prisoners the lawmen learned that Earl, Francis, and Anderson were holed up inside a cabin at the entrance to a canyon near Antelope Mountain. At the orders of the lawmen Nay and Hawley wrote a note to their friends telling them to give up. Then the wounded outlaws were placed in the wagon and sent back to Deseret.

After a few hours rest Thacker and the posse moved out for the bandit hideout at 2:30 on the morning of the 29th. By dawn they had arrived at the canyon near Antelope Mountain, located the cabin, and surrounded it. The note that Nay and Hawley had written was given to a youth who was with the posse who took it to the cabin and handed it to the three train robbers.

Ten minutes passed and Thacker began to think that they might have to use the cannon and the dynamite. However, a moment later the cabin door swung open and Sylvester Earl came walking out with both hands in the air. Behind him Anderson and Francis also emerged from the cabin and surrendered.

Thacker and the possemen searched the cabin and found a large supply of sixshooters, shotguns, and rifles, plus numerous provisions and three masks that had been worn during the holdup.

The three bandits were taken to Deseret and from there by train to Salt Lake City where they were lodged in jail. Nay's and Hawley's wounds were attended to by doctors in Salt Lake City.

The five outlaws readily admitted to their part in the Montello robbery. Hawley, Francis and Nay also confessed to pulling numerous stagecoach holdups in Utah and Idaho.

The robbers waived extradition and Thacker took them by train to Elko, Nevada, where they were to stand trial for assault with intent to commit robbery. On February 29, 1883, all five pleaded guilty before Judge R.R. Bigelow in Elko County District Court. Hawley, Francis, and Nay were sentenced by Judge Bigelow to fourteen years in the Nevada State Prison. Because they were so young,

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Erastus Anderson and Sylvester Earl received twelve years and were both pardoned after serving four.

John Thacker returned to his office in San Francisco well satisfied with the outcome of the case. Within a week after the Montello holdup all the bandits had been captured and just one month later all had been sentenced to prison terms.

During the next several years Thacker investigated many more train robberies throughout Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. In some of these cases it was a long, grueling manhunt which brought the robbers to justice while in others it was Thacker's painstaking detective work.

Such a case was the baffling robbery of a Wells Fargo express car while a Central Pacific train that it was coupled to was crossing California's Sierra Nevada Mountains. This robbery, which was termed by newspapers at the time as "one of the boldest, best planned and most successful of the kind on record," took place on the night of December 24, 1888, when two bandits, Harry L. Gordon and his brother, George, crept onto a Central Pacific train when it stopped at Clipper Gap, a water stop about five miles north of Auburn in Placer County. The two bandits had with them a pair of revolvers, two rope ladders, and an axe.

As the train pulled out they climbed to the roof of the Wells Fargo car and fastened the rope ladders to the roof's edge. Then, dropping the ladders over the side of the car, they climbed down until they had reached the windows above the side doors. The robbers then smashed open the windows with the axe and leaped inside.

The messengers, Robert Johnson and A.M. Carpenter, were taken completely by surprise. Before they could gather their wits the Gordon brothers had them covered with pistols. The Gordons removed $5000 from the safe, stuffed it into two grain sacks, and then as the train was moving slowly up a grade near New England Mills, they climbed back out the windows, dropped to the ground, and disappeared.

When word of the robbery reached Thacker he boarded a train with Chief Special Officer Jim Hume, arriving in New England Mills on Christmas afternoon. Thacker and Hume joined a score of other officers investigating the case.

The two messengers' tale of the robbery was so far fetched that many of the officers believed that Johnson and Carpenter had stolen the money and dreamed up the story of a holdup to cover their guilt. However, Hume and Thacker worked on the premise that the messengers were telling the truth. Slowly and carefully they dug for clues. As the weeks passed most of the other officers gave up in disgust, preferring to think that Johnson and Carpenter were the real thieves.

Thacker and Hume managed to find a man who lived four miles from New England Mills who had hidden the bandits for $30. He had helped them make the two rope ladders and had furnished them with the axe used to break the express car windows. Jim Hume was called off the case in order to investigate another crime and now Thacker was left alone. Undaunted, he kept doggedly on.

Using a description of the robbers, Thacker trailed them from Sacramento to Reno. From there the trail led east on the trans-continental railroad. Finally, after much searching, Thacker located Harry Gordon at his father's farm near Olathe, Kansas, and on February 22, 1889, arrested him for robbery.

Gordon claimed that he had nothing to do with the Clipper Gap robbery but Thacker found $2000 of the holdup loot in his possession. Thacker took his prisoner back to stand trial in Auburn. Gordon, still refusing to admit his guilt or name his accomplice, was convicted and sentenced to ten years in San Quentin. In August he finally confessed to Thacker, giving him full details of the robbery and naming his brother, George, as his partner.

On August 20, Thacker reported the details of the confession to the San Francisco newspapers. "Last week Tuesday, I called on Gordon at the prison and he made a full confession. He expressed the desire that the matter be mentioned in the papers, because the two express messengers, Johnson and Carpenter, were treated so badly in the published accounts at the time of the robbery."

George Gordon eluded Thacker completely. He was never brought to trial for the Clipper Gap robbery.

After 1889 train robberies became increasingly frequent. During the 1890's there were more train holdups perpetrated than at any other period in American history — an average of about two a month. As Wells Fargo was the largest express company in the West and most trains carried its shipments, the majority of train robberies were directed against Wells Fargo express coaches.

On the night of September 4, 1897, Williams and Schlagal piled a stack of railroad ties on the tracks at Morrano switch, four miles above Ripon in San Joaquin County, and set them afire. A northbound freight train was forced to stop but the outlaws failed to board it, realizing that only a passenger train would be carrying valuables.

Four days later, at nine o'clock on the night of September 8, Williams and Schlagal made a second try at the same spot. After piling ties on the tracks and lighting them on fire the pair concealed themselves behind a fence to await the train.

This time the two outlaws were in for a surprise. On board southbound

Continued on page 61

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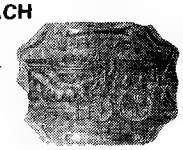

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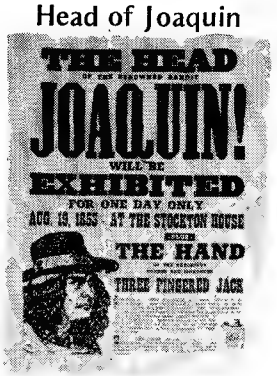

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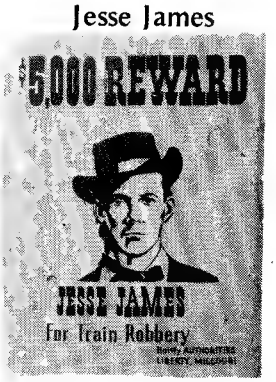

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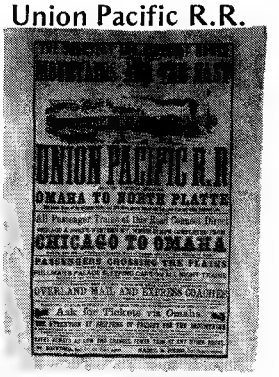

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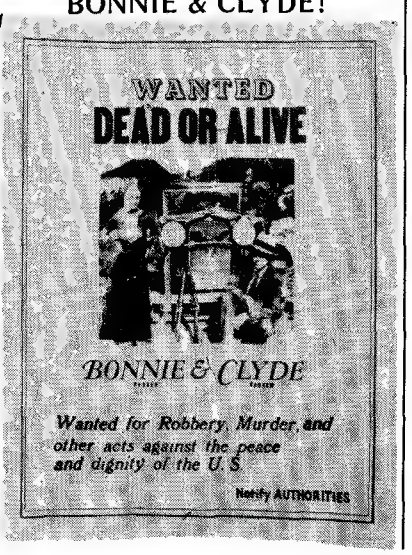

THEY ROBBED TRAINS *From page 59*

Southern Pacific Train No. 17 were Deputy Sheriffs Wall and Black, well armed and ready for a meeting with any robbers. The deputies had been placed on the train by Tom Cunningham, the veteran sheriff of San Joaquin County, because earlier Williams and Schlagal had approached a young friend in Stockton and asked him to join them in a holdup but the youth, instead of complying, secretly informed Sheriff Cunningham of their plans. Cunningham immediately put armed guards on all southbound passenger trains.

When the train approached the blazing ties the engineer braked safely to a halt and Deputies Wall and Black walked up the tracks to investigate. Williams and Schlagal, armed with a rifle and shotgun, shouldered their weapons and triggered a blast of shots at the lawmen. Wall and Black dove for cover and opened fire on the concealed outlaws. During the fray a tramp who had been stealing a ride on the train was wounded in the thigh.

Williams and Schlagal, seeing that their plans had been thwarted, bolted from their hiding place and fled across a large field towards the San Joaquin River bottoms. Wall and Black kept up a hot fire until the bandits were out of sight. Then they attempted to follow the outlaws but lost their trail in the darkness.

Sheriff Cunningham was notified of the holdup attempt and immediately formed a posse and set off for Morrano switch. Cunningham trailed the outlaws from the robbery site into the San Joaquin River bottoms but lost track of them in the dense growth of tules, scrub oak, and willows.

George Williams was well acquainted with all the trails and paths in the almost inaccessible river bottoms. He and his partner, with a $1400 reward posted for them, made their way south along the San Joaquin. For five days he and Schlagal managed to elude Sheriff Cunningham, who was now joined by John Thacker and Stanislaus County Sheriff Ed Purvis.

On the evening of September 13 the outlaws were spotted at Carpenter's Ferry in Stanislaus County and the lawmen were notified. Thacker, Cunningham, and Purvis searched fruitlessly in the area between Carpenter's Ferry and the town of Newman for the fugitives and then spent the night of the 14th at Hill's Ferry on the San Joaquin.

Early the next morning Thacker, Cunningham, and Purvis were joined at Hill's Ferry by two brothers from Newman, Ed and Will Newsome, who knew the river bottoms well. The possemen renewed their hunt for Williams and Schlagal. At about 8:30 that morning, in a field just west of Hill's Ferry, they discovered a haystack that the outlaws had spent the night in. A fresh trail led west from the haystack.

Thacker and his companions fol-

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lowed the trail and soon came in sight of two armed men running at high speed into a dense thicket. Williams and Schlagal had spotted the posse and were determined to lose them in the underbrush. Thacker and Ed Newsome immediately dismounted and plunged into the thicket on foot while Cunningham, Purvis, and Will Newsome raced westward to cut off the fugitives flight.

Thacker and Newsome charged through the thick, tangled growth, following the trail that Williams and Schlagal had left of broken brush. The chase went on for over two exhausting miles. Finally, in a field between two ranches north of Newman, Thacker and Newsome caught up with the outlaws. Thacker and his posseman leveled their guns at the fleeing robbers.

"You're surrounded!" Thacker shouted. "Throw up your hands!"

Seeing that escape was impossible, Williams and Schlagal put down their weapons. They had been carrying a rifle, shotgun, and sixshooter, plus a large supply of ammunition.

The lawmen took Williams and Schlagal into Newman where they boarded the noon train for Stockton. Both claimed that they were innocent. Williams told Thacker and the other officers, "We were not connected with the alleged train robbery and will be able to prove that we were at least ten miles away from the place when the attempt was made to hold up the train. We were out hunting, and kept on our way up the river."

Williams' story failed to convince either his captors nor the jury which heard his case a month later. On October 20, 1897, he was convicted of attempted train wrecking and sentenced to life in prison. The next day George Schlagal pleaded guilty to the same offense and also received a life term.

John Thacker was sixty years old when he captured Williams and Schlagal. Although he was no longer agile and suffered from Rheumatism he still had ten more years left in Wells Fargo's service. In 1904 he was appointed chief special officer after Jim Hume, his old friend and associate of a quarter of a century, passed away. Three years later, in 1907, John Thacker retired at the age of seventy, ending a career of thirty-two years as an express detective.

Thacker spent the final years of his life quietly, dividing his time between his ranch in Nevada and his Oakland home. In December, 1912, he suffered a stroke and three weeks later, on January 3, 1913, he died at his residence in Oakland.

John Thacker's life can be viewed as a colorful and exciting episode in American history. Yet more importantly, he should be remembered as one of that rare breed of men, who, armed with little but raw courage, sought to confine the surge of lawlessness that swept like a wave over a violent and turbulent era.

JACK LONDON

Continued from page 41

There were severe disappointments however, for his wife Charmain had given birth to a daughter which survived but three days, and it appeared as if she could not have any further pregnancies. His grown daughters from his earlier marriage had remained cool to their father, and refused to get together with him. London, who experienced bouts of depression as he grew older, wanted to bring his family toward unification, but it was not meant to be.

Selling articles to Colliers at a thousand dollars each, and for almost that much to Cosmopolitan and other national magazines, London kept spending every cent as fast as it was earned. His ranch at Glen Ellen had grown to enormous size, and London wanted it to be self-sustaining, so he planted crops and orchards, and tried to feed his hands, but the drop in guests were too numerous, and he was spending daily fortunes for groceries to feed everyone. It was not unusual for him to have twenty guests a day!

In order to entertain them, he wrote early in the morning and did his duty as a host in the afternoon and evenings, managing with very little sleep.

These constant socials induced Jack London to drink much more liquor than he should and he had frequent illnesses from eating and drinking.

He was now a serious rancher and had planted beets, carrots, grains, and become a stockman, bringing in cattle and more horses. By 1913, he had 53 employees on his ranch and his payroll was beyond $3,000 per month. When London got through handing out wages, there wasn't much left for himself. On top of that, he was already starting to build his Wolf House and borrowed to get it going.

However, the money seemed endless for London was being published throughout the world, in almost every language, and he was being compared to Kipling and other great writers of the past. He was so successful that imiators appeared at various cities, posing as him, and gave lectures on his works, abusing his name and literary position.

A man as gifted as London was, could only sustain himself for a decade or two, and London had gone through nearly 20 years of success as a writer, excelled by none, and still hadn't reach the age of 40. Unfortunately, he was experiencing repeated bouts of severe mental depression, and his later writings were showing the effects of the illness, For the second time in his life, editors were beginning to find fault with his books and short stories, and rejections were actually appearing in his mail, just as had happened when he first tried the writing game.

London wasn't getting any sympathy from his friends, being that he had allowed several, who had been in serious trouble with the law to come and stay with him indefinitely. Among them was a man who openly talked against London, and seemed consumed with jealousy that London was so successful as to be able to build the Wolf House and create a fabulous ranch.

Misfortune now seemed to be the order of the day after the fire. His swine herds died off from pneumonia, and he lost a valuable herd of goats from disease, and then many horses. A eucalyptus forest of 140,000 trees he had planted at great expense, intending to create a lumber market from them, was neglected when lumbermen said the trees weren't worth cutting down.

As for London, he had gained too much weight, and suffered from severe dropsy, and internal disorders. He began to drink heavily to control pain and this produced more depression.

A day befory his death, which occurred on November 22, 1916, London was in better spirits than he had been for many weeks. He had made plans to visit his publishers in New York and stimulate his flagging writing career and perhaps achieve another meteoric peak?

His wife, who was in London on a visit, was unaware how ill he had become. London went to bed that night, quite tired. He would usually have a last minute romp with one of his dogs, but told his housekeeper he felt unusually exhausted, and in no mood to play.

When he failed to arise in the morning and was found in a deep stupor, doctors were called. At the bedside were empty vials which had contained prescriptions of morphine and atrophine, meant to help London's illnesses. The doctors suspected poisoning from morphine, but the official death statement was that London had died from uremic poisoning. His kidneys had failed him much too soon!

The world's then most prolific author, a young man who had written 50 books and hundreds of stories, was gone! His wife returned to the ranch and built a home which she called the "House of Happy Walls," and fixed a path from it to the ruins of the Wolf House as well as to London's grave, which is now marked by a huge lava boulder. He had wanted to be buried on his ranch and got his final wish.

Today, the London estate is a California State Historic Park, open throughout the year, and admission fee is nominal. Visitors see his working tools, and other artifacts and his world-wide collections of the time he adventured on *The Snark*. State Route No. 12, leads to the area and is a major roadway. The most important writer in the Far West still lives in spirit at the London estate, and his influence on literature will survive the present century.

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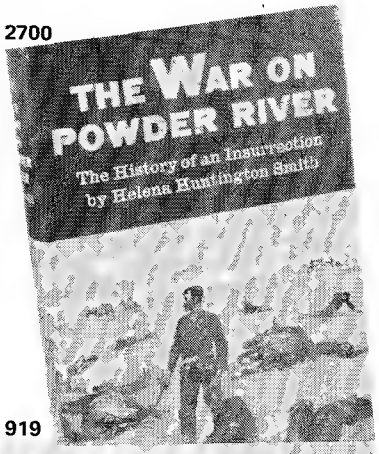

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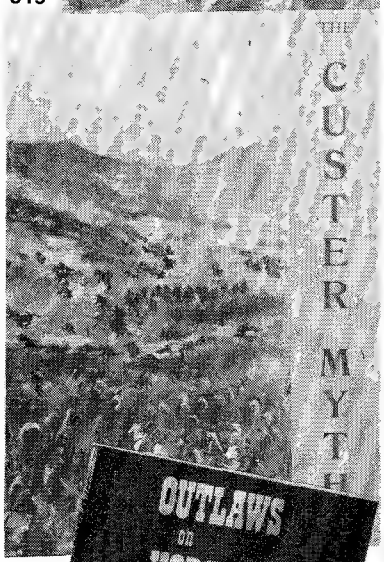

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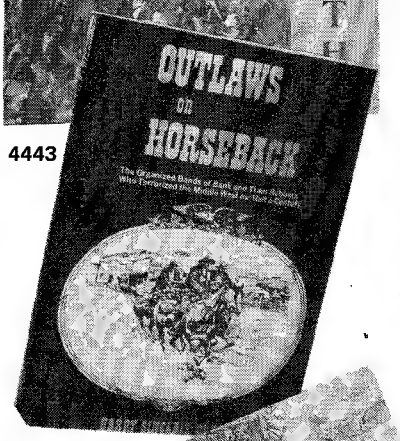

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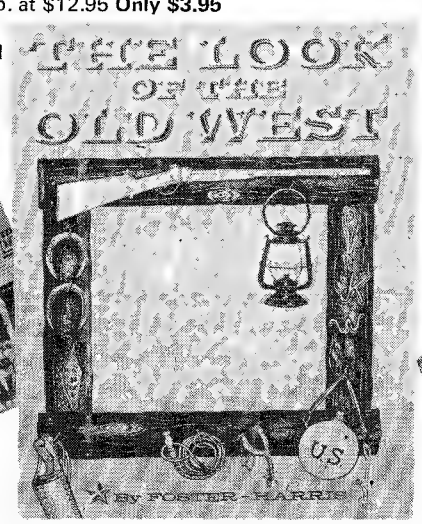

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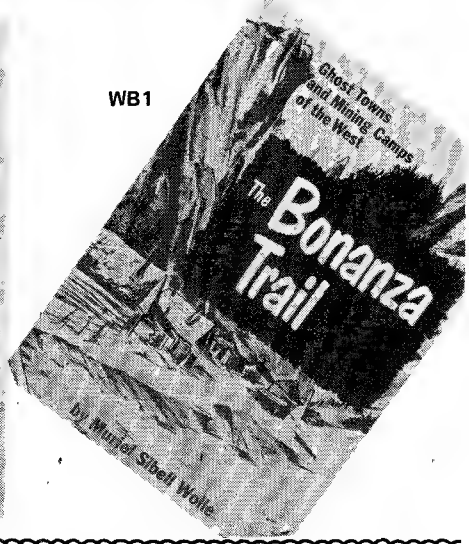

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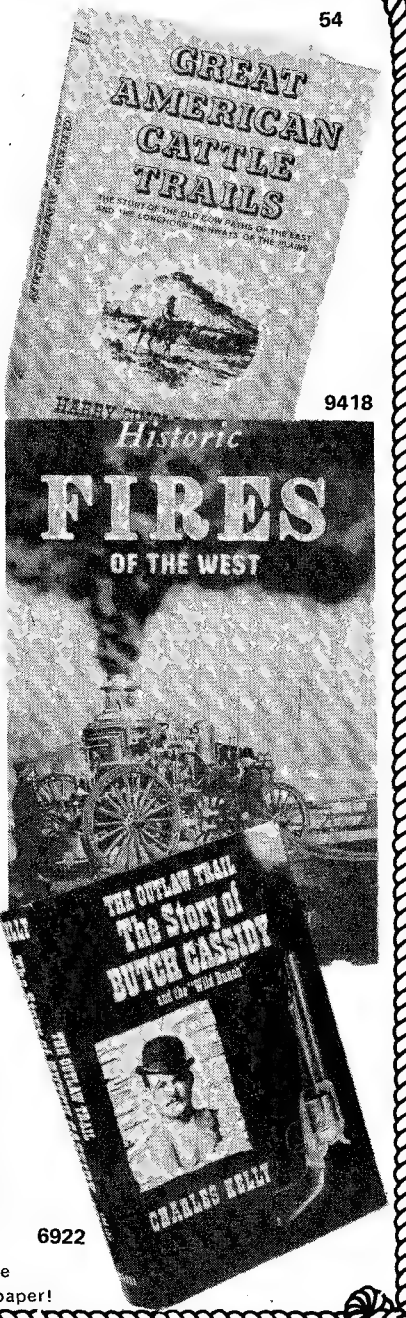

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BILL DOOLIN

Continued from page 49

every night. As the engineer of the train approached the little building beside the track, on the night of Thursday, June 2, 1892, he was surprised to see the signal to stop hung out.

Seldom did the night train receive passengers from Red Rock. As the ponderous wheels of the locomotive slid along the track past the station, six masked men sprang out and pointed their rifles at the man at the throttle.

"Stop your train!" yelled Bill Doolin.

And after taking one glance at the six gun barrels, the engineer hastily obeyed.

At the first indication of the slackening of speed, the conductor had thought of a holdup. Collecting his brakemen, they went out onto one of the platforms of the cars and peered ahead. Simultaneously, the masked robbers had rushed toward the engine.

"It's a holdup, all right!" gasped the conductor. "Hustle through the cars and warn the passengers not to make a move and be quiet as mice."

While the brakemen carried out his orders, the man in charge of the train discreetly sought a safe place of concealment.

As on their previous raids, the outlaws took the fireman from the engine and compelled him to beat down the door of the express car, not however, until the demand to open it had been refused and several shots fired to show the messenger that it was a serious matter and no idle jest.

When the door gave way, the express agent was in a state of collapse. Without ceremony, Bill Doolin jerked him to his feet and compelled him to open the safe. Instead of finding a large amount of money, there was barely $2,000 and the masked men vented their rage in cursing.

As before, they refrained from going through the passenger and sleeping cars, lest a greeting of lead from the weapons of some of the occupants be given to them, instead of money and jewels. As they left the scene the outlaws poured a volley of shots into the coaches, again the Dalton-Doolin trademark.

Once again the gang had escaped . . . without a shot being fired at them. Deputy Marshals rode to Red Rock and trailed the outlaws into Greer County. The futile chase, lasted ten days.

As time went by the gang became bolder and bolder. At last it was decided to rob two banks at the same time at Coffeyville, Kansas. It was to be carried out by the three Daltons, Bob, Grat and Emmett, Bill Doolin, Dick Broadwell, and Bill Powers. The event was set for Wednesday, October 1892. Doolin, generally conceded to be one of the shrewdest holdup artists who ever lived, was with them when they started, but he turned back, pretending his horse had thrown a shoe. Doolin felt the Daltons were headed for their Waterloo . . . he was right.

The destruction of the Dalton gang at Coffeyville left Bill Doolin to carry on the tradition he had begun some years before. When in full swing the Doolin band consisted of Doolin, Bill Dalton, Bitter Creek Newcomb, Charlie Pierce, Roy Dougherty, alias Arkansas Tom, Bill Raidler, Little Dick West, Oliver Yountis. Tulsa Jack Blake, and Red Buck (George) Waightman, the most vicious of the lot.

The holdup of the Missouri Pacific train at Caney, Kansas, on October 14, 1892, was Bill Doolin's first job after the Coffeyville affair. At 10:15 Doolin, Bill Dalton and Bitter Creek stepped aboard the baggage car. The express messenger, J. Maxwell, had witnessed the uncoupling of the express car from the rest of the train so he made ready to resist the approach of the robbers. However, the continual barrage of rifle bullets through his car shortly changed his mind.

The Doolin bunch next held up the Spearville, Oklahoma bank in 1893. It was the very next day after this robbery that Oliver Yountis was killed by officers at his home near Orlando.

Other robberies occurred and business was good. But the fight at Ingalls, Payne County, Oklahoma, on September 1, 1893, was the beginning of the end. Three officers were killed during that red letter day fight and Roy Dougherty was captured.

". . .and when you saw Custer look around, what did he say?!"

The whole bunch was at the holdup of the Rock Island train at Dover on April 3, 1895 . . . but the safe refused to give way. In their frustration several of the robbers compelled a Negro porter to go through the cars with a grain sack, relieving the passengers of their valuables. Shortly thereafter, Tulsa Blake was killed in a running fight with a posse.

Bill Doolin had married Edith Ellsworth in 1893, settling at Ingalls for a time, moving around as it became necessary to elude the law. They had one son named Jay Doolin, who later took the name of Meeks, his step-father.

Doolin's band broke up in 1895, but there was to be no peace for him as lawmen Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen, Heck Thomas, and Jim Masterson kept up a constant search for the one-time members of the band. Most of the outlaws had been accounted for; only Little Dick West and Bill Doolin and Bill Dalton were unaccounted for.

On June 8, 1894, Bill Dalton was killed from ambush at his home near Ardmore, Oklahoma, by Deputy Marshall Loss Hart. Dick West was killed on April 7, 1898, on the ranch of Herman Arnett, near Guthrie.

Bill Doolin, suffering from his rheumatism, went to visit his wife, who was hiding in the Indian Territory on a ranch near Burden, Kansas. From that point Doolin traveled to Arkansas, where he used the facilities of the hot springs to relieve his ailment. On December 5, 1895, he was arrested at the Basin Hotel by Deputy United States Marshal Bill Tilghman without a shot being fired.

In January of 1896, Doolin managed to escape from the jail at Guthrie. But his fantastic escape was to no avail. He was finally located near Lawson (now Quay), Oklahoma. Heck Thomas and his men rode to the Doolin cabin in the woods in Payne County. One evening they saw Doolin leave with his wife and baby. Doolin walked in front of the wagon, examining the trail. Heck Thomas stepped out of the tall grass and ordered the outlaw to surrender. Doolin jerked his Winchester to his shoulder. Before he could fire, however, the blast of Thomas' shotgun rent the air, and Doolin fell, riddled by a full charge of buckshot. The date . . . August 25, 1896.

A spot near the heart of the Summit View Cemetery was chosen for the last resting place of the noted bandit. His widow and Sam Trimble were the only mourners at the grave. Before burial on the 29th, Doolin's body was placed on exhibition at the Rhodes Undertaking Parlor on Oklahoma Street in downtown Guthrie.

During the next sixty-three years Doolin's grave was marked with a twisted, rusty buggy axle. In 1959 a more suitable marker was erected on the spot.

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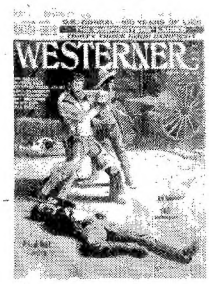

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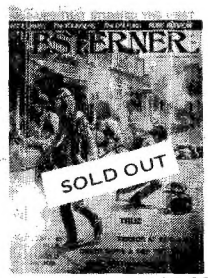

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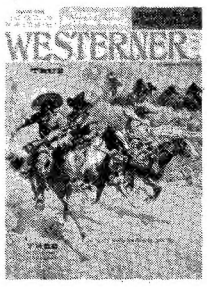

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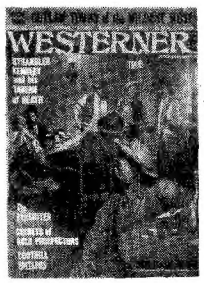

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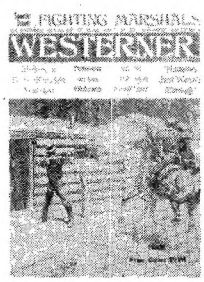

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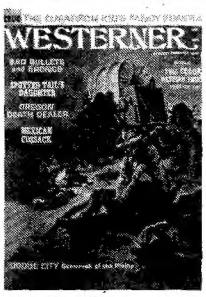

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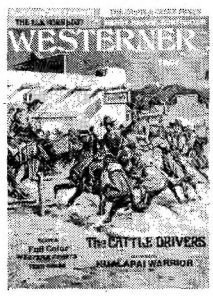

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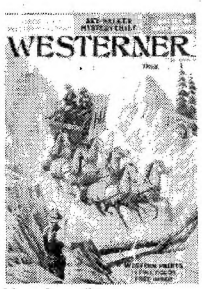

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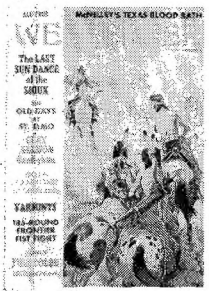

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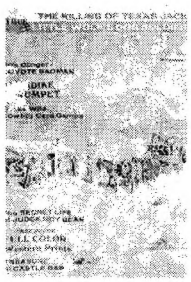

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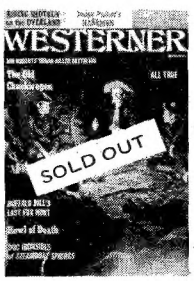

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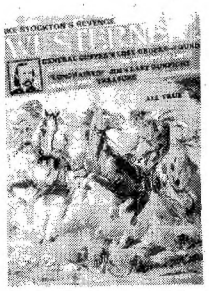

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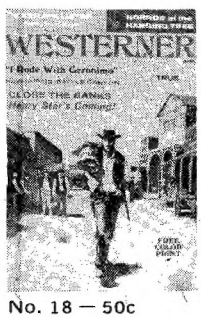

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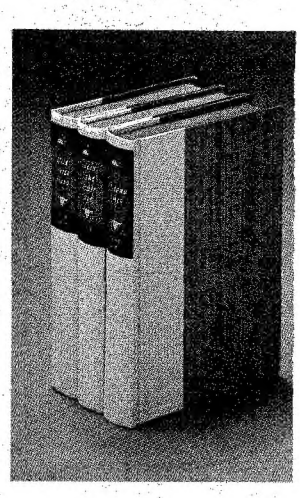

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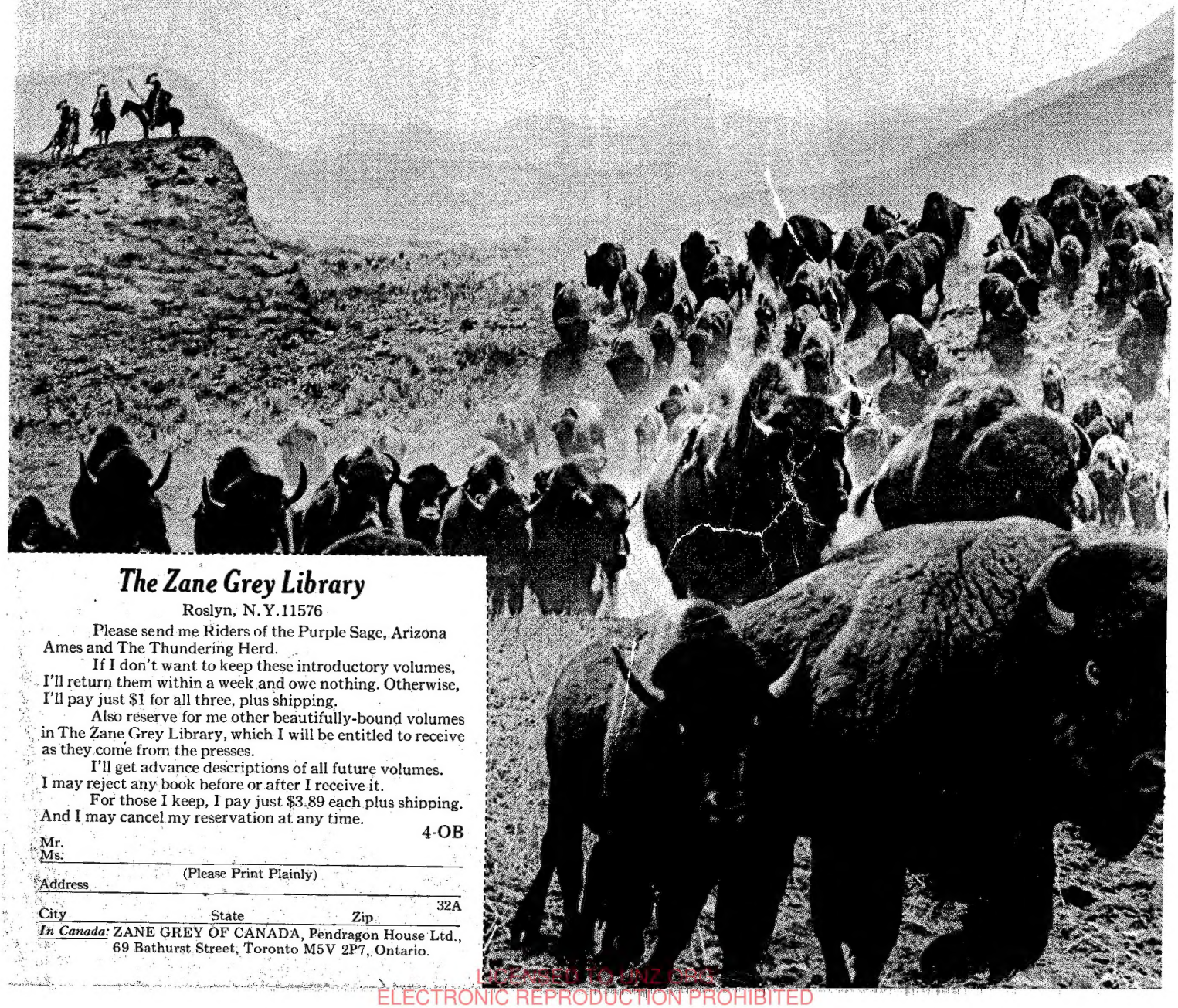

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